

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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UNMASKED.

BY LOUISE BARTON.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction," is an adage so well-worn, that with other things long in use, one is sometimes inclined to suspect it has served its time, and may now be consigned to that rubbish-heap of old-fashioned ideas, the burning of which in the fire of experience, throws more light around us than ever the keeping of them could. Occasionally, however, a bit of true metal is found where the bonfire dies down. And such a bit seems the aforesaid adage—at all events, to those—and they are not a few—who can look back at certain evenings at a certain corner of a London street. Even an old man's memory would hardly lose the impress of those hours. Perhaps that impress was deepened by subsequent knowledge of the facts—but let me to my truth without digression; though I shall tell it, not as I saw it only, but in the light thrown on it afterward.

I was not an old man then. Stamford and I—Stamford of the Third, with a slender purse and great expectations—were a couple of as "pretty men," as the gallant Scot might have expressed it, as ever beleaguered a garrison town, and stormed its legion of fair damsels with a military ball. Not that we were fresh from such exploits. We had been having rather a tough time of it in India. But the war was over now, and we had been just one week in England.

We had spent that week together, for my mother and sisters were in London, and ever since that affair of Taplow, where Stamford saved my life, we had been the fastest of fast friends. He was some years older than I—more rank, more reputation—and I looked up to him accordingly. But there was over the man a mystery uncongenial to me, and I could almost have said to him, so frank was he, and

free-spoken, touching all else. He was quite open about his rich old uncle on the maternal side—a crusty, childless widower, keeping himself to himself at the ancestral manor, and quite willing that his nephew and heir should do likewise, due respects on his arrival from India being paid. But more, not a comrade of the Third knew of Stamford, beyond the fact that he bore his uncle's instead of his father's Scottish name by stipulation, as heir of the estate. Absolute silence upon any past further removed than army experiences—a determined turning from the merest allusion to home and home ties—from the beginning, checked even the most inquiring minds among us.

As I have, perhaps, said, on that moonlight night in May, Stamford and I were just about strolling out from our new quarters at Mivart's Hotel. I had paused in the doorway to light a fresh cigar, and Stamford, behind me, was shaking hands with Tom Gwynne of ours, when we were both arrested by a burst of such melody as I thought then, and think now, could never be surpassed by any music of the spheres.

It was a woman's voice—unaccompanied, as, indeed, any accompaniment must have been an interruption to the strong, full tones, clear and sweet, and soft as well. At the sound, there was an instant stir among the men, a sound of windows raised above, and light feet on the balcony. For us, Stamford and I followed the rush of bystanders to the street. A crowd had gathered already; but, nevertheless, we, from our height upon the steps, could gain a glimpse of the singer. A woman—clad in the deepest mourning, from the graceful drapery which wrapped the willowy figure, to the heavy folds of the short crape veil, evidently arranged to serve the purpose of a mask, re-

vealing only a fair, round chin, and lips which, though full and red, as she paused an instant in her song, settled at once into a resolute curve, evidently habitual. At first it seemed that she was alone, but presently I saw pressing close to her side a fair-haired boy of apparently four or five years of age. The little hand was held fast in her left, and only released for a second, when, at the end of the first song, she lifted from the boy's head his cap, which was eagerly taken from her by the nearest of her audience and passed round among us all. As she removed the cap with her ungloved, white hand, a ray fell from our windows upon a wedding-ring, and Stamford—But I am anticipating.

She was singing an air from an opera then much in vogue when we first added ourselves to her audience. Exquisitely beautiful it was upon her lips, though, when all is done, for the life of me I never could distinguish "'twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee." Stamford was on a step above me, his hand upon my shoulder. I felt the idle grasp tighten, and, turning, saw my friend bending forward, flushed and eager, and so absorbed in the music, so intently gazing on the singer, that he was quite unconscious of my stare of wonder. He stood with the same intent gaze, and would have let the little cap pass him by had I not shaken him from his stupor. Then, before I could prevent, he dropped pocket-book and all in with my sovereign, and appeared not to hear my remonstrance, for I knew that it was full, and he could ill afford such generosity—or carelessness—for in truth it was that which it appeared to be.

Meanwhile, she was singing again. Involuntarily I closed my eyes as I listened. The city seemed to faint far, far away, the narrow strip of star-lit sky to widen out, while clear, and sweet, and full, rang out the true Scots air:

"Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather growes,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie!
Hark! the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Cluden's woods amang!
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie."

Clear, as sweet, the first few stanzas; then came a quaver in her voice. It was at the words:

"Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sac dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie."

She recovered herself in the chorus, how-

ever. And then, with a quiet dignity, she turned to go, and the crowd gave way for her respectfully. It was a moment before the spell was broken, and their dispersing steps broke the hush. In that hush I turned to Stamford. He still stood with his hands over his eyes, as he had stood from the first notes of the Scottish air.

"There is another verse, is there not, Stamford?" I asked. "Something about

"I can die, but canna part—"

if I am well read in—"

I never saw such a look of fury in any man's eyes as flashed on me from Stamford's then. Yet they hardly seemed to see me, but were turned hurriedly on the spot where but now had stood the singer.

"Gone! gone!" broke from his whitening lips; and with all his strength, he hurled me and one or two of the bystanders out of his path, and dashed down the street at a pace which I did not for a moment dream of emulating. Gwynne, for it was he against whom I staggered, looked after our friend with a smile.

"Chasing the wind," he said. "It is easily seen this is your first evening here. The lady—that she is a lady, is patent—has been singing here every evening for the last week, as she did also for a time in the early spring, and no one has yet traced her. A few tried it at first, but she appeared to have always a cab in waiting at some sudden corner. And in fact one would hardly like to risk annoying her. I am astounded at Stamford's move; I thought he never glanced the second time at any woman."

And so did I. And I had by no means recovered from my astonishment when, an hour later, he entered my rooms. Such a change had come over him. The nonchalant, easy-going Stamford, who had always seemed so comfortably to understand the *laissez aller*, came in wan and haggard, and threw himself into the arm-chair opposite me without speaking. He must at last have become conscious of my eying him, for after a long ten minutes he raised his head bowed on his breast.

"What is the matter, man?" he said, evidently annoyed. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

That was exactly the way he looked himself, and I told him so. He said nothing for a moment, all the while with his eyes fixed steadily upon me. Then he rejoined slowly:

"And perhaps, Dick, I have. What were they saying of the singer to-night? Nay, be honest—you must have heard all."

I told him, and he sat for a long time brooding over it. Then he sprang up and paced the room impatiently—flinging himself at last into his chair again, and beginning to speak abruptly: “I have thought and thought over it, until my judgment is just worthless. I must have a cooler head than mine. Dick, will you listen to a story—my story—and tell me if I have been an ass?”

He watched me while he went on, as if he would read my thoughts before he gave me space to speak them.

“You are aware, I believe,” he said, “that I but took the name of Stamford in compliment to my uncle—that my own name is Campbell. When a mere boy I was left to the guardianship of my mother’s brother, quitting my Highland home for the first time. My uncle was kind, after a sort, but had little indulgence for any but Dora, his one child, some years younger than I. Yes, I see you have anticipated me. She was a spoilt child, frail in health, and before I left college she found out that she wanted me, much as she had wanted her new pony-phaeton, or her last winter in Italy. So my uncle presented me, as he had presented the phaeton—with no more reluctance on my part than on the phaeton’s, for I liked Dora very well, and was flattered by her preference. We were formally betrothed, and I returned to college for the last time. But on our next meeting, Dora and I had a violent quarrel, and my uncle, at her instance, packed me off to travel where I would. I wandered back to my well-remembered Highlands, passing among my own people under my own name of Campbell, blushing for my Sassenach cognomen. Here is my story, of which all that went before was but a preface. Not a month passed, before I was married—but secretly, because though my engagement to my cousin had been broken, yet I shrank from possible reproaches. I must have been a coward in those days, Dick”—and he smiled the ghost of a smile—“for I never told Jeanie of that affair, from an undefined dread that she might consider me in some way bound—she was so scrupulous. So scrupulous, and yet—But I must go regularly on. I was studying law in my wild retreat, for I no longer looked to be my uncle’s heir, and my own patrimony was but small. I had given my uncle an address in Inverary, and every few weeks had made a pilgrimage to the town, hoping for a letter of reconciliation. But not a word, during more than a year’s sojourn, until one day I found a telegram urging my return to Stamford Hall without losing an hour. An

express for the South was just starting—I could but scribble an incoherent line to Jeanie, promising to write at length on reaching my destination—and I was off. I never saw my wife and child again—until this evening.”

He stopped for breath, for toward the end he had hurried on as if he feared to take time to think. But presently resumed, cutting short the question on my lips: “There was illness at Stamford Hall, as I supposed. Not my uncle—Dora lay wasted to a shadow, in her feebleness continually calling upon me, restless if I were not beside her. Impossible to send Jeanie more than a hurried word, and I felt that the circumstances demanded more. Perhaps I was wrong, but I deferred, easily believing that my dear girl could trust me until it was in my power to take time to explain everything. I could not confess to Dora, for the physicians forbid all excitement, and when I touched upon the subject of my sojourn in Scotland to my uncle, he cut me short in such a manner as to force the reflection upon me that my story could be nothing to him. That reflection grew stronger as it became more evident that while Dora seemed reviving in her father’s eyes, her life could be hardly a question of months, but of weeks. I knew he attributed her failing health in part to me—but, however unjustly, I did not feel at liberty to refuse when it was determined she should go to Italy, and my poor little cousin took it for granted I would be with her. ‘I am only going there to die, Kenneth,’ she said—‘and then you will be free.’ But her father was confident of her recovery there, and hurried the departure so suddenly, that I had but time for a note to Jeanie.”

“I don’t see,” I interrupted here, “why you never had time. It does not require long to write a letter.”

“I don’t see, either,” he returned good-humoredly—“and I did not see then—only there seemed a fatality in it. Whenever I attempted it, I was invariably interrupted by my uncle. That last day in England he had prepared for the move with such secrecy, that I knew nothing of it half an hour before. I have always thought that was done with a purpose—that he feared I would fail him at the last, and remain behind.”

“And might he not, with a purpose, have prevented your writing before?”

“There was but a week at Stamford Hall, and besides, I told you he refused to listen to my story.”

“Could he have learned nothing at second hand?”

"Not without troublesome inquiries at Inverary, which he was too engrossed with Dora to make. He could not have learned all the truth even there, for beyond Jeanie's own glen it was only rumored that I was rusticating for the sake of some Highland lassie."

"But from your own papers?"

He colored. "I do not think you consider of what you accuse my uncle. I trust no Stamford, more than a Campbell, would be guilty of tampering with another man's papers."

"I beg your pardon," I apologized, "I only meant for his daughter's sake—it might have been a strong temptation."

"For Dora's sake," he answered more thoughtfully—"he would have crushed any one as he would a fly that annoyed her. But such a speculation is vain, for Jeanie certainly received that letter, and if that, then why not those I wrote from Rome? And the answer to it, Dick—the answer, addressed to Rome, as I had told her, and received some weeks after I left England, was simply the enclosure of the marriage lines. It is not an uncommon mistake among Scottish peasants, that the destruction or surrender of the lines renders a marriage null."

He was silent for an instant, and then resumed—"Of course, at all risks, I went immediately back to Scotland. Our shieling was empty. Jeanie had disappeared weeks before; and not a trace of her or the child until to-night."

The haggard look which had disappeared in the excitement of his relation now came back. To dispel it, I inquired what became of Dora. But he did not rouse as he had done. He told in few words of his return to Italy, of Dora's death, and of his silence on the subject of his marriage.

"Before, I would have been proud to own it," he said. "You have seen her—she has good blood in her veins, though of lowly estate, and she trod her mountain pastures as Perdita hers. You have heard her voice, too—she never had heard of Italian in those days, but she knew her Scottish song parts as a bird knows his notes. And as sweet and true a soul—but what do I know?"—he broke off with a groan. "She left me, and though I traced her to her poor home to-night, I dared not go to her. Dick, was I wrong?"

"Let me ask first," said I—"are you convinced there was no tampering with her by your uncle or your cousin?"

"Poor little Dora! Yes, I am convinced of that."

"Could she have traced you at any time, if she had disappeared in anger at your absence, and repented afterward?"

"She certainly could. Stay, I can repeat my letter to her literally, for I weighed it so well then, and have thought over it since. Dated from Stamford Hall, with post-office and county in full:

"*My own Bonnie Jeanie*," it began. "Just on the point of starting for Italy. I have but one instant to promise that I will write from Rome at once, and explain all. Your own soft heart will teach you to forgive when you know all, and think how hard for me to leave you, and what a sacrifice I am making. In great haste, your *KENNETH*."

"Certainly an abrupt and unsatisfactory document," was my comment, "but certainly such as to offend only a suspicious woman."

"And she was not that—far from it."

"Then," said I earnestly, "I would not seek her, Stamford. I would let her go her way."

He rose slowly, and took up his hat.

"I have come to you for advice, Dick," he said with that same painful smile, "after the manner of one of her songs that rings in my memory now." And he repeated—

"Come, conseil, dear Little! don't tarry—
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif you will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen."

"I'm going to her, Dick," he added—"Good-night."

It was a small, plain-looking house which Stamford had reconnoitered that evening already, and to which he now gained admission by applying for rooms, while a five-pound note convinced the landlady of his respectability, absence of luggage to the contrary notwithstanding. Here was something gained, at all events. She could not, without his knowledge, leave the house, if the discovery of his clue to her should so incline her. He could not see her to-night, of course—but the thought that she was under the same roof, soothed his excited spirit. He threw open his low window, and went out on the balcony, lighting a cigar.

As he lounged there against the railing, his calmness was suddenly invaded by the low sound of a lullaby crooned softly in the room adjoining. The curtains were carelessly drawn, and a shaded lamp glimmered on a centre-table within. Beside a crib opposite, a woman was sitting, her face turned from the window. But even as Stamford looked, she rose, bent over the sleeping child to assure herself of his

slumber, then moved away to the table. Quite a pile of gold and silver lay there, and she stood up counting it, still with her face averted from the watcher. Midway in her task she observed his pocket-book, took it up curiously, and examined it, carelessly at first, until she drew out a folded slip of paper. She started—drew nearer the lamp, and looked at it for the second time. A mere slip, yet the sole record of the marriage of Jean Gordon and Kenneth Campbell. Her hands clinched upon it, and she sank down in the chair beside her helplessly.

Stamford could endure no more. He pushed open her window with a noise that startled her, and as she turned her head quickly, he stepped into the room.

For an instant she seemed to lack the power to move or speak. Then she rose with quiet dignity, took up the pocket-book, replaced the few gold-pieces, and the slip of paper, and pushed it toward him, across the table.

"Take it—there is a paper in it which it may be important to you to destroy. It can have no other value. Whether it fell into my hands through your inadvertence or your intention, I can only request you to take it, and leave my room."

"Jeanie!"

The appeal only hardened her. She stood like a statue of calm scorn, as firm as cold.

"For the boy's sake, Jeanie, hear me."

Then she was moved. She stepped back hurriedly to the crib, shivering from head to foot, and confronting him as if he had come to tear the child from her. But presently her mood changed. She said in a choked voice—"You may look at him a moment; but do not wake him. He does not know he has a father."

Her hand lay on the railing, near his own. But he did not touch it. And when, after bending over their child, side by side, they both lifted themselves, he still did not draw near her. He only looked into her eyes full of sudden tears, and said—"For his sake, Jeanie, I demand to know why you forsook me?"

Mechanically, urged by a force she could not withstand, she left his side, and crossing to an escritoire, took out a packet. It contained three letters. The first, that which Stamford had repeated to me. The second, a boyish effusion, beginning, "My wee wifie, Dora," and dated simply, May. The third—Stamford said to me afterward, "I am Campbell from this time forward, Dick. You were right—a Stamford has been guilty of tampering with

another man's papers. My uncle had intercepted all my letters except that from Stamford Hall, and that he opened, read, and re-enclosed with a sort of addendum of his own, informing her that if she were building on any promise of marriage from me, she might forget it, for I was bound to his daughter. He sent at the same time that old note to Dora, which, to do him justice, he might have believed penned in Scotland, since it bore the date of the month in which I left there, and no clue beyond. I must add that he certainly did not know Jeanie was actually my wife. My poor girl did not know it either when she read that silly note, for in Scotland a written acknowledgment of a wife is binding. He sent at the same time a large sum of money, which, thinking it came from me, she kept for the boy's sake. But she could not stay in the old home—she could not quite trust to his letter, and the interpretation it was easy to put upon mine. She followed me to Rome—saw me with Dora.

"For the rest, her voice attracted the attention of some musicians—she improved it in Rome, and it has been her sole reliance since. My poor girl! May it not be too late to blot out all those memories from her life! She stood there, Dick, till I had finished my brief explanation. Then she held both hands to me, and broke into such weeping, that it well might be the pent-up floods of years of bitterness."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN INDIA.

THE following law regarding the behavior demanded from a Hindoo wife, I extract from Halhed's translation (published 1781), of the Code of Gentoo laws: "If a man goes on a journey, his wife shall not divert herself by plays, nor shall she see any public show, nor shall she laugh, nor shall she dress herself in jewels and fine clothes, nor shall she see dancing, hear music, nor shall she sit in the window, nor shall she ride out, nor behold anything choice or vain, but shall fasten well the house-door, and remain private, and shall not eat any dainty viands, and shall not blacken her eyes with eye-powder, and shall not view her face in a mirror; she shall never exercise herself in any agreeable employment during the absence of her husband. It is proper for a woman after her husband's death to burn herself with his corpse, &c." (page 253). "So much for the ancient rights of women."

GRANDMAMMA'S LOVER.

"I'M sorry I can't invite you to dinner, old fellow, because it is a sort of solemn observance—a sacred right of inhospitality, nobody being allowed to be present but the family connection; but they will all be delighted to see you in the evening, and I have some charming cousins, I assure you."

"Yes; I was just about to ask if age was a necessary qualification for admission into your ancient circle. Have I ever seen your cousins, Ned, and are they likely to trouble me with their attentions, bashful as I am, you know?"

"Not much, I should say. Carrie Atherton is of your elegan^tes; she will expect *you* to pay the attention, and a great deal of it. There are four Fannings, all pretty, and all shy; Mary and Julia Davenport, splendid women, both, much admired abroad; Fanny Barnett; ugly, but smart, Emily Faye."

"Sweet name!"

"Desperately sweet, but none of your business; a sweet that shall be guarded with stings. I say, sir, no poaching on my manor, if you please. I expect to be engaged to her myself before the evening is out—so beware! If you want to enter the family, try somebody else. And last, but not least, my chief favorite and ally, Kate Lovering."

"Deliver me from Kates! A set of romping hyenas! That name always plays the very deuce with a girl; it is sure to make them either flirt or hoyden, and generally both. I have suffered too much from them already, and have vowed a vow never to know one again. With all due respect to your cousin, your family connection is safe from me on that score; and can't I avoid being presented to her?"

"Very well; just as you please. Not that she would look at you—a perfect little princess, and the flower of the family—she would make you repent and retract your infidelities very soon, I fancy."

"No doubt. Heaven forbid!"

"And now, farewell; for I go. It seems barious to leave you in this barn of a hotel, and in ignorance of the sublime venison, the glorious turkey, the divine ducks, and the super-human plum pudding of my Aunt Mary's Christmas table; but the fiat has gone forth, and I am compelled to partake of them alone."

"Say no more, say no more, Ned; I shall get through the time very well, with a good dinner

here, a glass of wine, and a cigar." And Ned Holland, reluctantly leaving his friend alone, walked over to his Uncle James's, rather uncomfortable with the sense of inhospitality he felt in obeying the strict rules that existed against the introduction of any strangers into the family circle at the Christmas Eve feast. The circle in itself was large enough; the ramifications of relationship embraced half a county, and it was a time-honored observance, dictated by convenience no less than custom, that only "the family connection" should sit down at Mr. James Holland's bountiful board on the day before Christmas, and inaugurate the festivities with a yearly meeting, from which none liked to be absent, and which had grown to be almost like the Scottish "gathering of the clan." On this particular occasion, Ned had hoped that the regulation would be relaxed in favor of the friend he had brought down with him to share the hospitalities of that kindly mansion; but, on broaching the subject to his respected relatives, in the midst of their warm welcome to himself, he found the usual calm opposition made to his request.

"Your Uncle James wouldn't hear of such a thing," said his Aunt Mary, as she brought him cake and wine. "It is against the rules, my dear boy, and mustn't be, though I am sorry to refuse you. But you know I am always glad to see your friends at any other time, and shall insist on his coming here this evening; there will be other company then, and I should like both of you to stay over the holidays; all the girls will be here, and you will enjoy it, I think."

Various eyes, black, brown, and blue, which had looked rebelliously at kind Aunt Mary while she refused the first invitation, brightened again as she gave the last, and accompanied them with a meaning smile at her nephew, and Emily Faye, also present. The young lady's cheeks wore the precise hue of "celestial rosy red" that Ned could have wished, and blushing himself more than is expected of a lawyer, he hastily departed with her to greet the rest of the "extensive family connection," and lament, as his cousins loudly called upon him to do, the absence of grandmamma from this annual meeting, which was a matter of disappointment to everybody.

"Too bad that grandmamma can't come," cried all her indignant young descendants, ex-

pectant of the lavish gifts of toys and confectionery that always came with their beloved ancestor. And, "Very provoking of Aunt Bell," complained the elder branches, who desired her presence from less selfish motives, while her own sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, gathered from many different places to see her, and finding the greatest pleasure at their annual re-union in her mild presence, felt the loss more deeply and more quietly.

Grandpapa was but a faint memory to his elder grandchildren, a legend to the younger, who were only acquainted with him through the picture of a fine, fresh-looking gentleman, in a colonel's uniform, which hung in the drawing-room at Uncle James's, his eldest son. But grandmamma was a fully appreciated blessing to her young descendants, who loved her with devotion. She had been very lovely in her youth, and her portrait, representing a beautiful little creature on horseback, in a riding-habit and cap, with a long plume, was greatly admired by modern artists visiting at her son's house. She was still charming in her old age, though the brown curls had turned snow-white, and the fine eyes were slightly dimmed, but the spirit and grace which had rendered her so fascinating in early life, years could not destroy. Her manner, of old-school courtesy, gentle, dignified, and winning, was admired by strangers only less than by her disappointed grandchildren, who had long looked forward to her appearance as the crowning attraction of the yearly festival. But Aunt Bell's very young baby had chosen to be ill of some infantile disorder, which had not only delayed its presentation to its new cousins, but had also kept at home its fond mamma and dear, kind grandmamma, who gave up the great pleasure of the family meeting to comfort the baby's parents through this time of anxiety and trouble.

Great was the dissatisfaction that prevailed among the bereaved descendants, thus deprived of her society; but most indignant of all was Miss Kate Lovering, grandmamma's special pet and favorite, only daughter of her only daughter, long since dead, and inheritor of her maiden name and maiden beauty. She was said to look exactly as Grandmamma Holland had looked at her age—eighteen—and, allowing for the different style of dress and coiffure, was certainly very like the lovely ancestral beauties in a host of other old family portraits. She inherited, too, grandmamma's fascination of manner and winning sweetness, but being petted and wilful, had added some traits of her own to those of the maternal line, and had been

thoroughly spoiled by her father, who died before he left her as a legacy to the fond guardianship of his wife's mother. So now grandmamma lived with her youngest son, Uncle John; Kate lived there, too, and had come as unwilling representative of his absent family, and the messenger of unwelcome tidings, at which nobody was more disappointed than herself, who had been much disgusted of late with the attention exacted for the imaginary ailments of a very stout, very ugly, and very cross baby, that had completed the list of its outrages by keeping its revered grandmamma at home, and disappointing a great number of people.

"But I will tell you what I am going to do, Cousin Ned," said she, winding up an account of her injuries—"I am grandmamma's deputy; I have brought all her presents to distribute; and, better than that, I've brought her dress and cap, and bought a white false front, and I intend myself to appear as grandmamma, 'for this night only,' if you will help me, and if nobody prevents me."

Who could stop Kate? Not Uncle James, who found it sufficient warrant for the young deputy's assumption that his mother had consented to the frolic, and sent her joking orders that all due respect should be rendered to her representative; nor Aunt Mary, who unpacked from Kate's trunk the well-known black satin dress, white crape cap and collar, and delicate lace mittens, in which grandmamma always appeared, and pardoned the jest she had at first thought so irreverent as she gently laid by these tokens of her approval of her darling's plan; while the other grave authorities, being won over by Kate's coaxing and caressing, began to see in it a very amusing episode, and to anticipate the delight of their disappointed children.

So the *distrait* Ned, already looking up and down the long saloon for Emily, readily consented to further the scheme with his best assistance, and forgot the joke he had in store for her, which came out all in due time at the dinner-table, where Miss Kate appeared in her own character, her personation of grandmamma being reserved for the evening. The young gentleman's devotion to his dinner and to his fair neighbor—about equally divided in his affections—had been a subject of great amusement to the mischievous girl, whose own appetite for turkey was always secondary to her love of the ludicrous; and in replying to her laughing sallies, his wit brightened over his champagne to the point of repeating that part of the morning's conversation which personally

concerned her and Horace Derwent's speech, with such additions as his fancy suggested, to the amusement of the whole table, and the partial discomfiture of Miss Kate.

"I'll pay him off, the impudent fellow!" she said to herself, "as sure as my name is Kate! A romping hyena, indeed—a flirt and a hoyden! and particularly began not to be introduced! We shall see, sir!" and, with burning cheeks, and a head full of schemes of vengeance, she ran up-stairs to prepare for her evening's appearance, wisely reserving her quarrel with Ned till a more convenient season, for she wanted him to paint in the wrinkles on her blooming face, as he had always done at their Christmas theatricals, where she played the cross aunts and heavy dowagers, while her less lovely and attractive cousins took the more becoming dresses and rôles.

He was unceremoniously turned out of the room afterward, and she was enrobed by the laughing girls in the rich, old-fashioned garments, which proved a world too wide for her round waist and pretty shoulders, for though grandmamma was a slender old lady, she loved ease and comfort more than her fair descendant. But there are few difficulties in the feminine toilet that pins and patience cannot overcome, and when Ned was recalled, to put the finishing touches to his work, he insisted on bestowing a filial embrace on his beloved grandmother, and pressing a respectful kiss on her wrinkled cheek. Other cousins being admitted, fairly started at the well-known figure before them, with its snow-white curls beneath the crimped edges of the widow's cap; the brilliant dark eyes shining kindly behind the gold-bowed spectacles; the sweet, wrinkled face, half hidden by these various accessories; the bent, slender figure, in its black satin robes, of sweeping length and amplitude, bound at the wrists and neck with white crape and jet ornaments; grandmamma's own discreet watch, with the bunch of seals that had been grandfather's, a silver knitting sheath on her side, and her own little delicate hands, quite lost in black lace mittens, laid gently over her favorite work of a baby's lamb's-wool sock. The little actress drew down her rosy upper lip over the pearls beneath, and imitated grandmamma's low, cheerful voice; then, after submitting to the affectionate attentions of all the grown-up young gentlemen, her cousins, who seized this opportunity, while she dared not resist for fear of injuring her costume, to claim all the arrears of kisses which she had denied for the past five years, she was led down-stairs by the children, screaming with

laughter, and yet half reverent of the figure that looked so much like their dear, absent relative.

They enshrined her in grandmamma's own great arm-chair, whence she proceeded to distribute her generous stock of gifts, amid the riotous mirth and enjoyment of the children, and the surprise and amusement of the elders. The scene was hardly over before the arrivals began, and the great drawing-rooms were soon filled with friends and acquaintances, who were duly presented to grandmamma's deputy, as usually to herself, and though disappointed in her absence, keenly enjoyed the spirit and grace of her young representative's personation, and formed a pleased and admiring circle about her great chair.

Horace Derwent was the last; fashionably late, for he had feared to be too early, and punished his impatience by delay. Himself without home ties or pleasures, he had a strong curiosity to see this family assembly, and longed to join in their gayety, but among the happy faces he felt an alien and a stranger; their mirth depressed and saddened him, and he begged his friend Ned for a few minutes in which to familiarize himself with the scene, before beginning the work of introduction. They had halted in the little boudoir, in which Grandmamma Holland's portrait was enshrined, separated from the long drawing-rooms by a set of silken curtains, and here Ned left him the more readily as he saw Emily in the distance surrounded by a group of attentive men, and enjoying their society far too much for the comfort of her observant lover. He was gone some time, occupied in hovering on the edge of this lively group, skilfully dispersing it, and rendering generally uncomfortable those who persisted in staying, before he bethought himself of Horace, and returned to find him intent upon the portrait, which he was studying with admiring earnestness.

"Ah! what a lovely face!" he cried, as Ned touched his shoulder. "What spirit and grace! what a beautiful creature to love and live with! Pity there are no such women now!" he said, covering his confusion with a laugh, as he took his friend's arm and moved away. "Modern female education not only deforms the bodies but cramps the minds and extinguishes the spirits of our fashionable girls, except in the case of those rude hoydens that infest society; but where in real life do we ever see such a sweet, *naïve* attitude, such a charming face, such—"

"O Horace!" cried the amused Ned, "for

heaven's sake spare me your raptures, and I'll introduce you to the original."

"Who? Where?"

"My grandmother."

"Oh! ah! yes," said Horace drily, "a most delightful old lady, no doubt, but I should prefer something of a little more recent date."

"I thought you were disgusted with modern belles; but you shall see enough of them after this presentation is over. *Allons!*" and he dragged his reluctant friend, who dreaded to behold the wreck of the fresh girlish beauty he had just been admiring, toward the high crimson-velvet arm-chair, standing like a throne at the end of the long apartment, and around which a crowd of gentlemen, young and old, were gathered, paying their lively homage to the old-lady sitting in it, a little shaded from the glare of the great chandelier, and listening with a pleasant smile, while she plied the knitting-work she held in her delicate, lace-covered hands.

"My grandmother, Mrs. Holland, Mr. Horace Derwent."

The old lady looked up from her knitting with a start, and cast a sharp glance at Master Ned Holland as she hastily acknowledged the low reverence of his friend. Horace could have sworn that a blush suffused the fine features turned toward him, as in the portrait, that the aged fingers trembled as they dropped the work they held, which he courteously restored with respectful zeal, and that a momentary expression of distress flitted over the still fair face before him; but the old lady quickly recovered her sweet, placid dignity, and addressed him in a soft voice, with rather imperfect articulation, which he attributed to the loss of her teeth.

"I look like some old love of hers, I suppose," thought Horace, as he took the place beside her politely vacated by a gentleman who had been amusing her with his lively conversation a moment before, and found himself soon absorbed in the study of this fascinating old lady, listening with that gentle deference which always distinguished his manner to the aged, to every indistinct word she uttered in her sweet, tremulous voice, and tracing a resemblance to the beautiful face in the other room in the altered but graceful outlines before him. He found beauty still in the snow-white curls, once brown, that dropped over her temples; beauty in the dark, arched eyebrows, and bright, kindly eyes beaming behind the glimmer of her glasses; beauty in the delicate skin, fine even in its wrinkles, in the well-set head, the fair, faded

cheek, the slender figure and small hands, and the perfect contour of her face, half concealed by the thick crimped frills of her cap, and the great bow of white satin ribbon tied under her chin. He was sure she must have been in youth even more lovely than the artist had depicted her, and he envied the old colonel who had lived in the proper time to woo and win this gracious creature.

He wondered if she had any female descendants who inherited her charms, and his eyes wandered up and down the room in search of a younger copy of the lineaments he so much admired, but no such appeared. Handsome, dark-eyed belles, blue-eyed and fair-haired maidens, brown-tressed beauties in abundance appeared, but no successor to this ancestral loveliness, and he was sorry that his wandering look was interpreted by the too-attentive Ned as a sign of weariness, and that he was borne away to be presented to this fair cousin, and to talk to that, to promenade with one, and to dance with another, and was finally honored with an introduction to the fair Emily herself, under all possible restrictions and beneath the eye of her watchful lover; but he felt no desire to disturb his friendship by any show of attention to his lady-love, who sat in the little boudoir, below the lovely picture, and faded, to his eyes, into insipidity and plainness before its delicate and sparkling beauty.

The evening was far spent before he was again able to approach the crimson chair that enthroned its relics, and it was long after that he succeeded in penetrating the throng around it. The romping children, with hands full of toys and sweetmeats, who made the vicinity quite dangerous some time before, had been brought up in succession to kiss her, and been borne, shouting, off to bed, but their places were more than filled by a laughing, jesting crowd, whose evident admiration justified his own opinion of the aged beauty. As he hovered on the edge of this merry group, vexed at his exclusion from their circle, and inability to understand the jest they enjoyed so much, he was electrified by hearing a sweet, clear laugh from the occupant of the chair—the very laugh that belonged to the joyous heroine of the picture, from which years could not take the music or the mirth. His efforts to obtain a second *tête-à-tête*, or even to join in the conversation with her, were quite unavailing, but he could not be mistaken in thinking that she had repeatedly glanced at him with interest, and that she was pleased with the respect and admiration his

face expressed. When, at last, the latest there, the reluctant Ned was induced to come away, they took leave of their hosts, and made their *congé* to the crimson throne, Horace could not resist raising the still beautiful hand to his lips with affectionate reverence, that provoked a hearty laugh from the inconsiderate Ned, and even seemed to give a faint glow to grandmamma's wrinkled cheeks; but he strode away, thinking how that little hand had seemed to tremble and falter in his hold.

"What a beautiful little coquet she must have been!" he exclaimed; and Ned woke all the echoes with his shouts of laughter.

Horace thought him intoxicated. "You've had too much champagne," he said; and then, resuming his meditations, "I must look like some old lover of hers. Yes, that's it; she has never forgotten him!" and having, fortunately for the peace of the neighborhood, reached their hotel, went to his room, quite regardless of the explosions of mirth that shook his comrade, whom he was accustomed to see under some form of excitement after a party, and himself to dream of the septuagenarian beauty, and curse his fate in being born too late by two-score years and ten.

The next morning, a brilliant sun shone in through the frost-work of the windows, and waked the indolent pair to rejoice over a fine fall of snow, which had driven the houseful of cousins quite wild with anticipation before the friends arrived there for a morning call. The courtyard and grounds were scraped clean of snow, which had been liberally bestowed on the walls of the house and on the wrappings of the few muffled figures that still moved about among the *debris* of the battle, from one of whom Ned immediately received the favor of a well-directed ball, which extinguished his mustache, and nestled in his fur collar, to ooze out presently in damp discomfort on his glossy linen and new cravat. A loud shout from the attacking party greeted the successful shot, and "Kate, of course," thought Horace, as they went in, glad that any mischief detained her from joining the family group during his visits.

They entered quietly, without ringing, that the discomfited Ned might have an opportunity to repair his toilet before encountering his cousins; and while he was still brushing and muttering, Horace stepped quietly into the open drawing-room, to spend his leisure examining the picture he had so much admired the night before, and criticize its loveliness by the glare of daylight. But he stopped on the

threshold of the boudoir to pass his hand over his eyes and wonder if he still were dreaming, at sight of what seemed the fair original herself, seated before it, the beautiful eyes fixed upon their prototypes, the arch lips curved in the same dimpled smile, the brown tresses drooping with as soft a grace, the pretty foot, the little hand, the elastic carriage, the exquisite figure, all there as if the ghost of that girlish loveliness still haunted the spot where its memory was so fairly preserved, but for the modern dress which gave it a new charm of life and reality in his admiring eyes.

He could have lingered forever watching the varying play of expression on that fair face, the shifting light in her eyes, the flitting dimples and blushes on her cheek, the lashes that drooped, and the lips that smiled; but the spell was broken by the creak of Ned's new boots approaching, and the living picture sprang up and confronted the intruders with a chilling dignity, before which Horace stood abashed, while the cooler Ned felt it not at all.

"My cousin, Mr. Derwent," he kindly explained. "Never mind being caught, child," condescendingly to the young lady, "you look very well in that dress, quite like the picture, eh, Horace? and you will have plenty of time to change it, for we shall stay all the morning. Entertain Mr. Derwent now, while I find the rest; you can talk about the portrait, he is quite wild on the subject. Ah! and, by-the-by, how's grandmamma?" and with a loud and long laugh, Mr. Ned quitted the room in search of his cousins, and left the new acquaintances together.

The young lady was evidently very much embarrassed; the roses on her cheeks grew momentarily deeper under the shade of the fringed lashes, which the admiring Horace watched in sublime oblivion of politeness, till he saw symptoms of their rising, and then said—"I hope we shall see your grandmamma this morning."

The beauty, in great confusion, was understood to murmur something about indisposition, but her arch lips were beginning to quiver with a smile, and her eyes to sparkle with mischievous light. Determined to encourage these signs of returning confidence, Horace continued, "I am sorry to hear that she is indisposed. I trust nothing serious?"

"A slight cold," said the young lady faintly; "over-exertion."

"Ah! yes, very natural; though she looks too young still to be easily affected by such causes, in spite of the delicacy of her appearance.

One cannot think of her as really aged; it seems impossible that a creature so beautiful should fade, nor has she faded yet. To me, that elastic loveliness, so lightly touched by Time, is rendered sacred by a newer and rarer charm; 'age cannot wither her,' indeed, but is a fresh baptism of beauty."

He waited for an answer, but the young lady seemed still struggling with her confusion, and unable to speak, and he felt obliged to go on, though afraid of making some blunder in his hurry of ideas.

"Pardon me, Miss Holland ['she must be Miss Holland, being Ned's cousin; they are nearly all Hollands, except that Kate'], but that picture," indicating the one he admired; "I was told last evening that it was your grandmother's portrait, taken in early life. It might be yourself; the resemblance is wonderful. You were not present last evening, I think, for I looked anxiously, I assure you, among Mrs. Holland's descendants, to find the inheritor of her grace and beauty, but I was unsuccessful;—you were not there? I could not have forgotten—"

He "paused for a reply," but none came. The young girl sat perfectly silent, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks before him, and answered only by the varying color and expression of her countenance, so lovely in her timidity and confusion that he could not but look and admire. "A most delicate and modest little creature," he thought; "one could hardly have expected, with that coquettish face and form, this awkward—no, this graceful—embarrassment. Most fortunate conjunction of shyness with such bewitching beauty, enabling me to use my eyes without the rebuke of a look from hers!" and with this philosophical conclusion the enchanted Horace fell to the contemplation of the *tableau-vivant* which fortune had placed before him with a thankful heart, and no thought of fatigue, till his friend returned with a troop of laughing girls, and the relieved beauty made her escape in the tumult that followed.

But he was not awakened from his dream when its object had disappeared; he was absent, *distrait*, stupid; and not even his faultless dress and manner, his handsome face and figure, could save him from the charge of being a bore, preferred against him by a jury of young critics, who sat in judgment upon him after he left the house. He had made one inquiry after "grandmamma," to be sure, but even that joke he must utter as if it were the soberest earnest, and had prosecuted his inquiries after her

health with mock solemnity that was more like real. He had remained, too, with his eyes mostly fixed upon "grandmamma's" portrait, which was very pretty, no doubt, but not generally considered by persons of his age and sex as better worth looking at than her young granddaughters, and, with absurd affectation, had retired from the room with his face toward it, and cast back a last glance as he passed under the arch of the door. Ned found him no better when they returned to their hotel, and was glad that a furious snowstorm, which darkened the air all the afternoon, gave him an excuse for sleeping till it was time to dress for dinner, and escaping the society of his abstracted companion, who, braving wind and tempest, set out upon a solitary walk. An hour later, the young ladies collected in the drawing-room of Mr. James Holland's house, dropping their various pretences of occupation, rushed to the windows to see a little boy bringing a bouquet, and arrived in the hall just in time to hear him say repeatedly to the waiter, "No, not for any of the young ladies, I tell you. For the old lady; Mr. Ned's grandmother, the gentleman said. 'For Mrs. Colonel Holland, with Mr. Dervent's respects.' It's on the card, Miss Kate."

The girls returned to the drawing-room with their prize, laughing, but half envious of the fair recipient, who regarded it with looks compounded of gratification and revenge. She had half a mind to burn it, but had not the heart, it was such a beautiful bouquet when taken from its wrappings, so fragrant, fresh, and pure; yet she wished she had sent it back at once, with or without an indignant message. It was so audacious of the fellow to send it! so mean of Ned to let him do it! She wondered how long he had guessed grandmamma's identity. Ned could never keep a secret, and had probably told him at once, and she was a subject for their joint mirth! She should have no peace now during her visit; the mortification had already begun with this morning's call, and the impudent staring and quizzing she had undergone, followed by this insult! and the indignant Kate could have trampled the flowers under her avenging slippers. But their fragrant loveliness, or the admiration of her cousins, finally prevailed, and it was with considerable complacency that she bore them up to her room and deposited them on the little, light stand by her pillow, to waft odors of Paradise through her dreams. If the donor could have seen the flowers he sent to enliven the sick chamber of the aged matron made

welcome to Kate's virgin bower, praised by her rosy lips, and held in her white hands while she buried her lovely face in their perfumed petals, as sweet a blossom as any there, perhaps this pleasing sight would have restored the temper of his nerves, and enabled him to hear with more flattering attention the plans of the gallant Ned, who awoke "like a giant refreshed with wine," and made his toilet.

The two gentlemen returned to dine at the Holland mansion, where a large party was assembled, which, however, lacked the pleasantest characteristics of the night before. The children were banished, to leave more room for the elders. Grandmamma's velvet chair was vacant, and her youthful likeness, the beautiful girl whom Horace had first seen in the morning, seemed to inherit also her honors and admirers, but her painful shyness with himself was exchanged for hauteur and reserve that he could not understand. She was his neighbor at dinner, with an indignant color burning on her cheeks, and a protest in her averted eyes against the incomprehensible jokes Ned was constantly publishing at her other hand, and which she would not answer by a word. Her manner to her escort was both fearful and defiant, and Horace tried, with a patience and gentleness of courtesy almost irresistible, to win her from her coldness to confidence and ease. He watched the rapid changes of her face, and altered his conversation to suit it as aptly as the mariner trims his sails or steers his course by the aspect of the sky; brilliant, pleasant, sensible, she could not but own his power—could not but feel that a master-hand skilfully disposed the topics he touched upon for her amusement, could not but be won against her will to admiration and respect, and submit to the influence of a more genial temper and a sweeter mood than her own.

Smiles were softening her lips, and pleasure was lighting up her face, before they left the table, but her evil genius, Ned, whispered a witticism in her ear, a laughing bevy of cousins surrounded her as they re-entered the parlor, and her repellent manner returned for the rest of the evening. When, in the Christmas games, they were thrown together, she was silent as death; when, in the dancing, her hand touched his, it was quickly withdrawn; and when he approached her to ask for "Miss Holland's next waltz," he received from her a brusque excuse, and from her devoted attendant a polite correction.

"Not Miss Holland, sir," said Charley Harrington, who was another of the "ex-

tensive family connections," "Miss Loveling, I presume you mean. Come, Kate, our polka."

"I knew there was an antipathy between us," said Horace to himself as he turned away and tried to think he felt it.

Until, in solitude and quiet, he had reviewed the scenes and events of the past few hours, and analyzed the sudden feeling that had sprung up in his breast, and bent his will, his pride, his prejudice, like reeds, before this stronger growth of a day—until he had recalled her strange coldness and perversity, her unreasonable petulance and prejudice—the happy change that followed her shyness, her aversion, and her fear, her brightened eyes and deeper color, and nervous consciousness of his presence, all parts of a riddle hard to read, but bearing as close relation to each other as the two fair faces he remembered with almost equal tenderness, one beautiful in age, and one in youth, and both for ever dear. In dreams they seem to exchange identity; it was the grandmama's hand that lay so coldly in his own, the girl's that thrilled beneath his touch; the aged eyes were averted, perhaps, but the brighter ones of youth looked at him kindly, and the strange flush that had reddened the matron's wrinkled cheek was a blush of awakening interest, a glow of sweet confession on the younger face. Such dreams—all dreams are idle, vague, and vain; practical people say so, and I accept the dictum in unquestioning humility; but I think they are hardly so foolish or so useless as these persons aver, or they would not have been granted by a higher intelligence to ours. Strange glimpses of another world—not past, present, or to come, but "the world that ought to be," where improbable things are easy of belief, and impossibilities are constantly coming to pass; where crooked paths grow straight, and Gordian knots are cut by the simple laying of a weary head upon a homely pillow, in which we are fair or fine, rich or great, wise or worshipped, according to our wish, and have temples of fame and airy castles spring up far more quickly than Aladdin's palace, and happier than he—[for in Dreamland there is nothing unattainable]—we may ask for the roo's egg and get it. Dear Paradise of absurdities and incongruities, from which we are summoned by a word or a touch, in the heights of prosperity or the depths of distress, thou art not so unlike the world we inhabit by day that we should disdain to visit thee by night, or thy dreams that refresh the weary mind as sleep the weary body,

more futile than the "waking visions" from which death calls us all away at last.

Whenever Kate and Horace Derwent met, she treated him with studied avoidance and neglect. But the wilful girl found in him a will and courage stronger than her own, a patience and perseverance that compelled her respect, a sweetness and gentleness of temper that subdued and scattered her chilling discontent. So there were sometimes moments of sunshine that made amends, to one at least, for hours of coldness, and but for the bouquets and daily messages of compliment and inquiry to grandmamma, which kept Kate in a fever of anger and mortification at being quizzed, there might have been more. But she would not speak to her Cousin Ned, and would not hear a word on the subject from any one else; so the task Horace attempted was like Penelope's, who ravelled at night what she wrought in the day.

These alternations brought him to New Year's Eve, and its accompanying resolutions; he would go away before his feelings were further enlisted in a hopeless cause. It was already hard enough to decide on forgetting the lovely girl who could be so bewitching to others, so repulsive to him; he would trust himself no longer in her presence, but go where her varying moods could no more affect his happiness.

He joined the well-known party in the Hollands' drawing-room, and was glad to see that the crimson chair was again filled, and went forward to pay his respects to the well-known figure within it. It was indeed grandmamma, released by the baby's convalescence at last, to join the family gathering, and who, with her hand fast locked in that of her favorite—whose strange flutter of spirits she could not comprehend—received Mr. Derwent's compliments with her own gentle courtesy, but gave no sign of recognition.

Horace was puzzled; the dress, the attitude, the figure before him, were all the same, he remembered, but the old lady in the chair looked twenty years older than the previous week. Could a few days' illness so have changed her? There was a mystery about it that he could not fathom.

"I am glad to see you are well enough to resume your accustomed place," he said.

Grandmamma looked astonished, but gently thanked the gentleman who took so kind an interest in her health.

"I trust you no longer feel any ill effects from your late indisposition," he continued.

"I have not been ill, sir," she answered, smiling, "but attending an invalid five-and-seventy years younger than myself, or I should have arrived before, and been present on Christmas Eve, as is my usual custom."

"Do I understand you to say," cried Horace, bewildered, "that you were not present on that occasion? I thought—I was sure—"

He paused, for grandmamma was looking at the guilty cheeks of her pretty granddaughter, as if they contained the solution of the mystery.

"Is it possible, my dear," she slowly said, "that you have kept up a foolish deception so long, and misled this gentleman? I am afraid he will find it difficult to forgive either of us."

Poor Kate, amazed and aghast, as she realized his ignorance of grandmamma's identity, and his innocence of intent to affront or tease her, was heard to stammer a faint apology; but Horace, with a stiff and stately bow, had turned away and left the room.

Five minutes after, as he stood in the little boudoir, taking a last look at the portrait, and resolving to leave its vicinity at once, a light hand lifted the silken curtains, and a timid touch fell upon his arm.

"I came to beg your pardon," faltered Kate.

"For what?" she sternly inquired.

"For deceiving you," she answered tremulously. "It seems you did not know, but I thought you did, and were trying to mortify me. It was all my fault, but I am sure I never meant it. I hope you will forgive us."

"Nothing else?" asked Horace keenly.

Nothing but a burst of tears, which reduced him at once.

"Dear Miss Lovering," said he, quite melted, "you had a perfect right to enjoy your masquerade, and I was a fool not to see it before; but it is not that which hurts me now—your coldness—your aversion—"

"I was mistaken," murmured Kate.

"Is it possible that you see it in that light?" cried the enraptured lover. "Then I may hope to be more fortunate—to please you better in future?"

Dead silence; but the hand he took was not withdrawn.

"You must have seen," he softly whispered, "that the first sight of you made an impression upon me which nothing can ever efface. Even under that venerable disguise, I felt your power and acknowledged your beauty, and would willingly have added half a century to my age to have been the contemporary of the fascinating old lady who so strangely won my heart."

"Yes, I know," said Kate, with returning sauciness, "that you fell in love with grandmamma."

"But she received my homage more kindly than the descendant for whom I deserted her."

"I thought," she retorted, "that you detested Kates."

"No; I adore them. So Ned has been betraying me? Did he tell you that I wished to enter the family? I will confess the whole, if you will listen, and promise to absolve me afterward."

The confession lasted an hour and a quarter, and ended in reconciling the two enemies. Horace did not go away next day, but remained till the Christmas festivities were over, and was invited to return next year as "one of the family." He won the Twelfth Night ring, and nobody was much surprised when he put it on Kate's white finger, or when grandmamma magnanimously offered to relinquish all claim on the conquest made in her name, and come to her rival's wedding.

GRATITUDE.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

THE lines are fallen unto me
In pleasant places," Lord, I own;
"Mine is a goodly heritage,"
Though bitter tears my eyes have known,
Yet, from my inmost heart, to-day,
"Thou doest all things well," I say.

The joys that wealth and splendor bring
I do not know, I do not crave;
The wealth of one true, manly heart,
Of noble worth, I know I have—
His shielding, sheltering love is mine;
My cup is filled with life's best wine.

For all the blessings of my lot,
The loved and loving, health and home,
O Lord! accept my grateful song;
And whether pain or pleasure come,
If joy or grief henceforth befall,
Still let me gather good from all.

MME. BIES, who passed her first examination in medicine a few days ago with success, is working on toward a doctor's degree. Such an event is still a very exceptional one in France; but it was very naturally received news that Mme. Ernst, who has given of late years most interesting lectures on literature, should have been named *lectrice en poésie* at the college annexed to the Sorbonne.

ONLY A BABY'S CHAIR.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

ONLY a baby's chair, you say;
I know that you never knew
The thrill of a baby's heart close to your own,
And so I can pity you.

If only a little one's cheek had lain
All night on your throbbing breast,
You would never have been like your old self again,
But full of sweet unrest.

The clothes that a baby used to wear
You would count as sacred things,
And hold your own nestling close to your breast,
As a mother-bird when she sings.

I think, when I look on this little chair,
Of the baby I used to hold,
And I clasp my arms on my breast again,
But no little form they fold.

And I listen to hear his voice again,
And his prattle as of old,
And look to see the sunshine gleam
Across his curls of gold.

And often I listen to hear his step
Come patterning over the floor,
And, "Mother is here," I softly say,
"Come home to my arms once more."

And then I remember that angels came
And bore my babe from my breast,
And left me weeping sorrowfully.

* * * * *
They told me, "God knoweth best."

I know that my boy is an angel now,
For his soul was as white as snow;
He had only been a brief while from heaven
When I had to let him go.

Yet often I sit all alone in the gloom
That the twilight shadows bring,
And rock my angel babe on my breast,
And, rocking him, softly sing.

Oh! do you wonder this little chair
Is a sacred thing to me?
For I used to see him sitting there,
My little one, aged three,

That the angels bore from my bosom
So long and long ago;
That he would have grown to manhood
Ere this, had he lived, I know.

But perhaps in the life God gave him
He has grown to man's estate;
I cannot tell—but some day
I shall know—and so I wait.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

THE DRESS OF WORKING-WOMEN.

I REMEMBER reading, some years ago, an editorial in the paper conducted by the late N. P. Willis, referring to the subject which heads this article, in which the writer recognized the need of some change in the then existing fashions to meet the needs of working-women, and suggested a costume similar in style to that of the French or Swiss peasant. The ideas were very good, and the costume, as described in detail, not only convenient but picturesque; but the whole thing was, and still is, impracticable. The fundamental principles of American society, by which all are recognized as equals, forbids any distinguishing feature of dress which shall separate the "lady" from the "working-woman." The term of lady is used here in its conventional sense, as describing a woman whom circumstances or inclinations do not compel to work for a living.

It seems scarcely necessary to describe the attributes of a true lady; still, to render my meaning perfectly clear, I will venture to do so. A true lady is so from her own innate qualities of mind and heart, and no surroundings nor circumstances of life can add to or derogate from her ladyhood. Whether she sit in the parlor clothed in expensive attire, whether she find her daily toil in the precincts of the shop or sewing room clad in calico, or whether she bend over the washtub in a nondescript costume, she is always and ever a lady. She never feels the need of asserting her right to the title by speech, action, or dress; it is so essentially a part of her own nature, that it never becomes the subject of her thoughts. A lady may do what she pleases, and all occupations become dignified in her hands.

A would-be lady carries about her the aroma of her false gentility, that no degree of expensive dressing, assumed delicacy, love of "dependence," and ignorance of work, can ever conceal, but rather serve to make more prominent.

If the costume of the *Home Journal* writer should be adopted by working-women generally, the lady would be no less distinguishable in it than she is now. But this can never be, because, with sorrow be it spoken, the masses of

working-girls are not ladies either by nature or education, and, while they ignore the fact stated in the beginning of this paragraph, they have a strong feeling that if the dress worn by universal womanhood were laid aside, to give place to a costume especially marking their position in life, the last link would be snapped which connects them with possible ladyhood.

But it is not my intention to discuss "reform" costumes. That there is room for improvement in feminine dress cannot be gainsaid, but to adopt any peculiar reform costume is, one might say, a vocation of itself, precluding all others, and cannot, therefore, be recommended to those whose time must be devoted to earning a living, not to making a stir in the world.

Happily, fashion has done much for us. No woman need go to her labor in thin shoes and trailing dress unless she chooses. The walking-costume of to-day, which may be modified almost at will, is modest, sensible, and convenient, and it will be well to appropriate what good there is in it, and reserve our abuse of the present fashions for the worse ones which may be in store for us.

The great errors which working-women are liable to fall into, can all be traced back to the idea that labor is degrading to a woman. And this idea is not an unnatural one in a woman who, instead of thinking for herself, depends on others to think for her.

"Dependence" is what we hear iterated and reiterated as the natural and proper state for women. Dependence on the father or brother, and then on the husband. If father, brother, or husband are lacking, then they are taught to look to their nearest male relative as being bound in honor, if not in law, to supply them with the necessities, if not the luxuries, of life, and they will meekly receive a charity grudgingly bestowed which they would spurn with contempt if they had properly learned the duties and responsibilities of life. Even those who would gladly revolt against this state of things, have the lesson so forcibly impressed upon their minds, that they dare not.

The dependence of a wife upon her husband, in all pecuniary matters, is taken as a matter of course. "What should a girl get married

for, if not to have some one to support her?" asked a young girl of me in all the innocence of her heart, believing that she was the exponent of the correct feminine sentiment in the matter. Whilst this sordid view cannot but be revolting to all right-minded women, still the dependence of a wife upon her husband in affairs of money is perfectly right and natural. She gives her time and attention, her whole life, often her health, to him, and the smallest return he can make is to see that not only her wants are supplied, but that every comfort his means will afford is provided for her. Nor is this dependence a one-sided affair. A man does not look to his wife for money, but he goes to her for other things of as vital importance. He goes to her for society, for sympathy, for encouragement, for intellectual aids, for moral strength. She makes his home, she is the guardian of his family. A man may live unconscious of the full measure of his dependence upon his wife until death takes her from him, and then he is suddenly aroused to the fact that without her he is only half a man. He will miss her daily and hourly, and find how greatly his comfort and happiness depended on the quiet ministrations of her love. And that she might be restored to him, and the old mutual dependence resumed, he would readily sacrifice all the wealth he may possess.

I might ask the question whether, strictly speaking, a wife is dependent on her husband as the term "dependence" is understood. Both in law and justice, all that a husband has is his wife's, for her use and maintenance. The Episcopal marriage service recognizes this fact when it causes the bridegroom to declare, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

But in the case of other women who believe it is beautiful and womanly to be dependent on male relatives other than husbands, the idea is a grossly wrong one, and the quicker the fallacy of feminine dependence be thrown to the winds, and the truth of the nobility of labor and self-effort be inculcated in its stead, the better for humanity. The bread of dependence is very bitter unless received at the hand of love.

It is this feeling, that they are in a measure unsexing themselves, that has made the thought of self-dependence so repugnant to a large portion of the sex. In the mind of each there runs the thought, "If there were not something shockingly wrong in my case—something, however, for which I am not responsible—I should have a father, or a brother, or a husband, who would see that I did not want

for bread, and I should not have to soil my hands and degrade myself in going to my daily task, just as a man is obliged to do." This is the exact feeling. If everything were set right in the world, they would not have to work for a living, any more than the lady who rides by them in her own carriage, and who lives in a brown-stone front. They do not conceive the idea that the lady in the brown-stone front may have duties quite as onerous, and troubles quite as hard to bear, though undoubtedly of a different kind. But the lady who rides in the carriage, and who lives in the brown-stone front, has attained their highest ideal of womanly position, and is supposed to be in the enjoyment of perfect womanly happiness. And everything that tends to draw a line of separation between them renders it just so much the more unlikely that they will ever personally realize this ideal. It is the thought of possibilities which is the bane of the American working-girl.

One great fault of our democratic institutions is, that ambition is made the ruling motive of the entire people. They are taught, individually and collectively, to aspire to something beyond what they already are. Ambition may be laudable, but contentment is equally commendable. And it should be remembered, at all events, that she alone is deserving of preferment to a higher rank who has filled the lower one with grace and dignity, and has done her duty faithfully in the "station to which it has pleased God to call her."

It is this discontent with her station, this wishing to conceal it, and to appear as much as possible like those who are supposed to occupy a loftier and more desirable one, that influences working-girls in their choice of dress.

Have you never seen girls upon the streets of our cities, in flounced, ruffled, bowed, and trailing dresses, and bonnets tricked out with flowers and lace; the whole costume worn, tawdry, and bedraggled, and thought how flimsy was the disguise with which they sought to hide their social position? Yet they, no doubt, fancy that they are indistinguishable from the ladies they encounter, whose costumes, unsullied by labor or frequent use, are dainty and fresh. These girls not only try to conceal their position in life by their mode of dressing, but, with the same intent, they not unfrequently go to and from their daily work with a book prominently displayed in their hands, as though they were on their way to school, or to some public library. This is actual fact.

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What would be thought of the mechanic who should go to his daily labor in a suit of broadcloth modelled after that of the professional gentleman, or gentleman of leisure? Men are wiser than that. They dress according to their occupation. And the young mechanic never thinks of blushing with shame if his calling in life chances to be discovered, or because his dress betrays it. Women must learn to be equally wise.

Enter the sewing-rooms of dressmaking establishments, and what will you see? A circle of girls whose chignons, puffs, and curls attempt a style which only the greatest care can keep in order, and which the exigencies of work leave in neglect; dresses of some un-washable material, heavily trimmed, but which constant wear has brought to a condition scarcely less than filthy. Add to this, perhaps, coquettish little sacks of bright colors, and elaborately braided, which, in their days of freshness, might have been tasteful and becoming, but which, like the dresses, cannot fail to bear the marks of time and use. All this very likely surmounted by imitation lace collars, and by flashy brooches and earrings which, though of pinchbeck, have yet cost more money than the means of their wearers justified. The earnings of these girls are not large, and so they deny themselves all else, that they may gratify this propensity for dress. They are not actuated by a simple love of dress alone, which, properly regulated, would lead them to dress neatly, appropriately, and becomingly; but by a desire to appear as something other than they are, and to conceal, as far as possible, the fact that they work for a living. This is the paramount disgrace. Nor can we blame them too heavily for feeling it as such, while on the one hand they receive so much misplaced sympathy by those who regard them as most unfortunately situated, and on the other are made to feel the slights and contempt of those equally foolish with themselves, who have been raised by fortune above the necessity of self-support.

To repeat a truism, the correct theory of dress, whatever the fashion may be, is that it should be in every way suitable for the time, season, and place, when and where it is to be worn. In the drawing-room, or carriage, trailing silks are not inappropriate, as there is little danger of soiling or injuring them. Fashion, just now in one of her sensible moods, has forbidden them for street use. For the lady who goes abroad for recreation on a bright afternoon, the tasteful walking-dresses, all bows

and ends, and flounces and bright colors, and the fresh, dainty little bonnets of fragile lace and flowers, are perfectly appropriate. She comes in contact with nothing to soil them, and the dress being short, nothing from the pavement defiles it at the bottom. Nor is it an expensive dress when viewed as one for holiday wear. But how out of place it would be in the kitchen! How scarcely less out of place, when it must be worn in all weathers, at all hours, and then sat in day after day, the bows to be crushed, the flounces rumpled, and the whole dress soiled, while the wearer bends over the needle.

The only appropriate dress that a sewing-girl, or a working-girl of any kind can wear, is one made with perfect plainness, and guiltless of ornamentation, and of a color and material that will bear washing when dirty. Calico is undoubtedly the best goods that can be adopted for summer use, while with it should be worn a plain, neat-fitting sack of black silk or other serviceable goods. A broad-brimmed hat is far preferable to a small one, or to a bonnet, for these latter necessitate the carrying of a parasol; and the working-girl should have her hands left free, not for the deceptive book, but for the packages which are in a measure the badge of her employment. A plain linen collar is the most inexpensive of decorations for the neck, and is always in good taste. Or, if washing must be paid for, the paper collars now so much worn will prove just as good, and less expensive. Bows of ribbon and jewelry should be entirely omitted. They are out of place in the workroom, and at once denote the unrefined taste of the wearer. Plain cotton gloves for summer, and thicker ones for winter, are the cheapest, and just as serviceable as the more expensive kinds. This dress is always ladylike, because appropriate, and can be kept clean and neat. To this toilet, I might add, for use in the workroom, a large apron of gingham or calico, to be worn partly to keep the dress clean as long as possible, but more for the purpose of protecting the delicate and costly fabrics which must be constantly in the hands and the lap.

Let a working-girl make her appearance before an employer in such a costume, and it will go far toward inspiring confidence in her abilities. For the employer will be shrewd enough to perceive that one who can conform herself so entirely to her position, is more likely to comprehend the duties of that position, than one who fails in the first particular.

All women love dress, and specially de-

light in its ornamentation; and sewing-girls are probably more exposed to its seductions than any other class of women. It is their daily duty to manipulate velvets, brocades, gauzes, muslins, laces, embroideries—all things that the heart of woman instinctively admires and craves. And it is not strange that the temptations are sometimes too great for them, and that they strive, in their little, sorry ways, to make some approach to the magnificence which, abstractly, is as much their right as that of their more fortunate sisters. So let the working-girl have her Sunday and holiday costume as pretty and gay as she sees fit; and if she cannot afford real lace, we see no positive sin in imitation, the cynic of the *Saturday Review* to the contrary notwithstanding. But when she is at work, insist that she shall dress suitably for her work. Her dress would not be near so expensive as she now finds it; and even though her wages be scant, there will be some little surplus for other needs.

But it is almost idle talking. It is not until labor is recognized as honorable to woman, as having nothing in it degrading in itself, that women will have the wisdom to apparel themselves appropriately. To be sure, these women might do much to bring about this state of things, by honoring their labor, and declaring it their glory instead of their shame. But it is for wiser, better-educated women than the mass of sewing-girls now are, to change opinion on this matter. And there are signs that movements are being made in the right direction. We can only look now for the sensible ones, for the real ladies who have no cause to fear any abridgment of their ladyhood, to set an example in dress, which some day, perhaps, when they find the world is not quite so persistent in its clamor about the beauty of "feminine dependence," the others may be induced to follow.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

THE exact date when Milton began his great Christian poem is not known; but we do know that for many years, mostly under his own roof, in Artillery Walk, or while sauntering through the streets of London, when Charles Stuart was amusing himself with his licentious court; when John Dryden was witnessing his own plays performed at the Globe Theatre; when poor Sam Butler was growing morose from neglect and ill-usage; when the lively and garrulous Samuel Pepys was running about embalming notes for posterity; and when the

Puritan poet's friend, Andrew Marvell, was interesting himself in his behalf—the plan was carried and resolved in the blind man's brain, till at length he was able to exclaim:

"Give me my lyre,
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine!"

By dictations of fifty to a hundred lines at a time, the work was at last completed. We have no accurate information as to the exact date when "Paradise Lost" was finished, but it was some time previous to the 27th of April, 1667, the day on which it was sold to Samuel Simmons, bookseller, for five pounds down, with a premium of five pounds more when thirteen hundred copies of the first edition were sold, and five pounds when thirteen hundred of the second should have been sold, and so on for successive editions, each edition to consist of fifteen hundred copies. As originally published, the poem consisted of ten books, and was sold at three shillings. The stipulated thirteen hundred copies were disposed of before the 26th of April, 1669, on which day Milton signed a receipt for the second five pounds, which we have seen hanging in a neat frame on the walls of the famous breakfast-room of Samuel Rogers. The remaining two hundred copies do not seem to have sold so fast, as it was not until the year of Milton's death that a second edition was published. In the second edition the ten books are converted into twelve by a division of the seventh and tenth, and there were also some few other alterations. A third edition appeared in 1678, and in December, 1680, Mrs. Milton parted with her interest in "Paradise Lost" for eight pounds, paid to her by Simmons; so that the total amount received by the poet and his family for this matchless work was twenty-eight pounds, or one hundred and forty dollars—less than Alfred Tennyson was recently paid by the publisher of a popular English periodical for writing a dozen lines!—*Appleton's Journal*.

THE Empress Eugenie has just founded an annual and perpetual prize of ten thousand francs, to be awarded, by the cares of the Geographical Society, for the expedition, discovery, work, or enterprise which is pronounced the most useful to the promotion of geographical science or of the foreign commerce of France. The society can interpret this programme with the greatest freedom, being able to use the sum to defray the expenses of some expedition to parts of the globe yet unknown.

ONE JOHN WILKIESON.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN.

THE earth, in spinning around, had just begun to turn her western hemisphere to the sun one August morning—and he scanned that hemisphere very piercingly, as if determined to discern whatever beauty might be lurking there. And I believe he did not find anything more beautiful on the continent than a look flashing out of a youth's eyes. The sun fell upon this youth while walking the pavement of an Ohio village, and being a sage old sun who had unavoidably fostered enough evil on the earth to make him appreciate a good moral germ when he found one, he gazed doatingly on the youth.

This youth himself was a tall, angular young man. He had large hands, head, and feet, wired together by the usual connecting lines. His face had well-set features, but he was not handsome. It was a look quivering up from his bosom, and making soul-lightning in the very eye of the sun that gave him attractiveness. When you see such a flame transfiguring any human face, you are astonished, as if the miracle had never been wrought before. This youth wist not that the skin of his countenance shone as he walked nervously along through the sunrise.

"I'll do it!" he breathed, dashing out his hand. "Why, I *must*! I'll be a *man*! not a sham, nor a drudge hurrying to get out of the world, but a thorough man! If I can but get a chance at the calling I want to follow, and support them at the same time, the outside part is clear. But whether I go the way I want to go or not, there is still the tip-top to look to!"

A gentlemen coming round the corner suddenly met and hailed the wrapt boy.

"Hallo! good-morning, John. Up betimes, and not looking sleepy!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Cramer," said John respectfully; "are you in a hurry, sir?"

"Not in a particular hurry. I was going before breakfast to see that that young scamp who sweeps my office does his work well. I'm rather squeamish about an untidy room, you know."

"Yes, sir. I was going to ask, sir, if I might speak to you this evening about my affairs. I

want to ask your advice, if it will not trouble you."

"Been dabbling at the law, my boy? Look out, look out!"

"No," said John gravely, "but I want to do more than dabble at it some of these days."

"Eh?" interrogated the attorney sharply, pricking up his ears. "Are you thinking of the profession? Are you thinking of studying law?"

"It looks conceited in me," stammered John, blushing darkly, "but I can't help it, sir—"

"Conceited? not a bit, not a bit! You've as good right to be a man as any other!"

"I cannot always go on working at day's works, sir, as I've done since father died. I've been thinking 'twould be better to make a little sacrifice of the present for the sake of the future. I can stand privations, sir; indeed, it would pay for any privation to have a chance of studying and making a man of myself. But the trouble will be to earn enough to support mother and Janie meanwhile."

Thus John gave confusing glimpses of the panorama revolving in his mind.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the lawyer briskly, looking at his watch. "I'm interested, I'm your friend, John. But my time is limited now. Come to my office this evening. Come at six, and we'll talk everything over. I like to see a boy stepping up. I've always thought you were too good for a mere laborer."

"It takes a good man to make a good laborer, sir. But I think if I can, consistently with my duty to others, enter a profession, I shall be much happier and do better."

"We'll talk it over," concluded the lawyer, replacing his watch and returning to his own affairs. "I wish I had a boy that could be trusted. That lazy little scamp has doubtless taken my notes for kindling paper before this time. Good-morning, John. Come down after tea, and we'll investigate matters!"

CHAPTER II.

THE WILKIESONS.

John crossed the threshold of his home that evening, hungry, but high-hearted. The home itself was a pleasant-looking cottage; its young master had labored to give it a fair exterior.

He had labored to give it a fair interior too, but hearty feminine coincidence had been lacking.

John had a mother and a sister whom he supported. Mrs. Wilkieson was a heavy, ignorant woman. She would sit for half a day with her hands folded on her capacious waist, staring into space with fishy-looking eyes, and her cerebrum and cerebellum grinding slowly on nothing. Housekeeping was a weariness of the flesh to her; in fact, every contraction and expansion of the muscles was a weariness of the flesh to her. So she bequeathed as many duties as possible to her daughter. But, though this young lady, in strong contrast to her mother, was a person of great activity, she hated the confinement of housekeeping as much as her senior hated its exertions; therefore, between them the aforementioned duties often fell to the ground, like balls repelled from the bats of careless youth.

When John entered, his accustomed retinas received the picture of Mrs. Wilkieson in her favorite attitude, with a pillow-case hanging from her knee as a flag of truce between idleness and industry, her thimble sticking up conspicuously on her big middle finger, and her eyes and muscles in a state of profound calm—Janie very busy with some article of her own wardrobe, and a great lack of tea-table.

Said John, hastening to find some water and towels—"Mother will you give me my supper soon? I am in a hurry to-night."

The placid woman turned her head.

"Janie, set out the table. You orto had the fire made long ago."

"John Wilkieson, you're always in a hurry!" exclaimed Janie, throwing her work aside. Janie was an odd-looking girl—small, plump, and stooped. Her brown hair was thrust back very neatly. She had small black eyes so deeply set, that you only saw them by twinkles, as you see stars of the sixth magnitude. Her forehead receded, and her nose protruded. But she was comely. There was a brightness in her complexion, and a queer grace in her movements that made her appear so—though she was just as evidently a coarse girl. She had a ferret look, and could, when she chose, carry provocation to the minutest points. Altogether, John's mother and sister did not look like immortals calculated to help him elevate himself.

John came into the tea-room fresh from a cold dash-bath over his dusty neck and face, with smooth hair, and a cool coat on. Now, you need not smile at this microscopic description.

It gives a characteristic of my hero. He always regarded those little matters. The soul of John Wilkieson, while reaching up after high and good things, could not tolerate an ill-ordered body. I think it is so with every one who strives to develop his noblest capacities. This delicate care and beautification that we owe our own persons, because neglected by many who excelled intellectually, has often been spoken of as servile and unnecessary. But we know as we appear to others, so will they receive us. We break the strong light of our influence by giving it an imperfect passage, and see it scattered like rays on the spectrum. Samson broke the withes and went on his way, when a common man would have lain bound; some men and some women will prevail even through a clouded presence, but carelessness never yet aided any one to success.

"John," began Janie, when the three were seated at board; she stopped, put her red mouth to the tea-urn spout, and blew to clear a passage for the amber current.

"Janie," remarked Mrs. Wilkieson, observing her daughter with a piscatorial stare, "I think that's a queer trick!"

This was a quotation of what she had said that morning, of what she said at every meal, in fact. It required less exertion to administer the reproof than to pour the tea, so Janie's habit was tolerated, while Mrs. Wilkieson promised with her delicacy.

"John," continued Miss Wilkieson without giving her mother a parenthesis, "I want a new dress. Can't you give me some money to-night?"

She always spoke in a whining tone, but her cunning little eyes were her surest means of carrying on a siege, because, monitor-like, they were sunken out of observation and snapped so quickly about.

"I don't know, Janie," said John uneasily. "Can't you do without, just now? I'm going to strike out on a new plan. After awhile I hope to give you many things I cannot now. But we shall have to economize a little at first."

"That's always the way," mumbled Janie, "I do everything and I can't have nothing! No other brother in this town lets his sister dress as shabby as you do yours!"

John reflected, and came to the conclusion that no other brother in town attended to his sister's wardrobe, whether it was a shabby or a handsome one.

"But she is only seventeen," excused he, "and has not learned to have consideration."

"She has a plenty of dresses," remarked Mrs.

Wilkeson monotonously from beneath her scales.

"I haven't!" sang the reverent miss at a high pitch. "Just you wait, both of you. I'll marry some of these days, and then I'll see if I can't have what I want." Of which sentiment she poured forth divers variations for ten minutes without interruption.

Upon the conclusion of the performance, Mrs. Wilkeson remarked, heaving herself slowly like a porpoise—"Janie, you don't act with no sense!"

John flushed, but said nothing.

There are a great many things hard to bear in this world. If we cannot bear one thing, neither can we the next, perhaps. And if we can bear nothing, we had better get out of the world, or begin at once to spin for ourselves the dignified covering of patience.

John rose from the table, and went to make ready to fill his appointment, while Janie clashed the dishes and carried them out snapping.

Said Mrs. Wilkeson to her son, beginning to propel herself slowly around through her element—"John, I want you to go with me round to Miss Pardy's. Miss Pardy, she promised me some plants, and I want you to help me home with them."

"Yes, mother; I shall be at your service in an hour. I have an appointment with Mr. Cramer at six, and it lacks only a little of the time. I'm going at once, to be prompt."

"I don't want to go in an hour; I want to go now. I calculated all day to go right after tea."

"But I shall not have time now, mother," remonstrated John, flushing.

"Yes, you will," persisted Mrs. Wilkeson. "Come right along. We can easily go round there and take up the plants, and carry them home before 'tis later than six."

So she floated off, carrying him in her wake, to uproot the herbs for her, to stand chafing while she gossiped with Mrs. Pardy, and to watch with chagrin the hands of the town-clock flying away from the hour. However, when it was too dusky to extract any more roots, and Mrs. Wilkeson had exhausted her accounts, had reproached and re-reproached her neighbor for "not coming to see her," and had listened to a long pile of excuses from the latter, she drew leisurely to a conclusion that "we had better go, John."

There had been a rain, and the walks were scattered with pools.

"Mother," said the son, remembering to be

courteous even in trial, "hadn't you better take my arm? You can't see very well, and the walks are slippery. I can carry the basket on one arm, and you on the other."

"No—just you go on," replied the mother, ignoring delicacy.

John therefore went on, until a fall and a flounder behind him arrested his steps. Mrs. Wilkeson, though so like a fish, lacked a fish's predilection for water, but not a fish's activity when well shocked. She rose from her splash with her son's aid, to box his ears for the mishap.

"There, now! If you'd a' done as you orto a' done, I wouldn't a' got this tumble!"

John—forgive him—uttered a curse between his teeth, and turned white under the shades. And while the heaving creature behind continued to pant and ejaculate, he went on quivering with madness, and drawing tight muscles of self-control around his masculine spirit.

People who have "no one to love" are in a pathetic case; but people who have plenty to love, and can't love them, have my heartiest sympathy.

CHAPTER III.

PLUMING FOR FLIGHT.

"You're late, sir," said Mr. Cramer. "No body with any germ of success in him will be behind time. I tell you, sir, this will never do."

"My mother detained me. She had an errand for me to do, and she insisted on my doing it; and I obeyed her, sir," pleaded John, raising his head with conscious dignity. "If it is too late for you to talk to me, Mr. Cramer, I can only beg you to forgive me for seeking your advice, and go away to help myself."

"That mother and sister of yours! I tell you, sir—I tell you—if you want to rise you must just let them go!"

"I cannot let them go, sir. If I neglected my duty to them, I could not become the man I want to."

"Duty! Who does his duty in this world?"

"I WILL, sir!"

"Sit down, lad," said the lawyer, smiling softly. "I like to see your face flush up. These young things think they will do as people never did before them, but it's pleasant to watch them. My little sister Eva is as full of duty-talk as you appear."

John sat down with his cap in his hand. Mr. Cramer tipped back and put his feet up on

a desk. He took a cigar and reached for matches.

"Do you smoke?"

"No, sir."

"Isn't compatible with your duty, eh?"

"I don't like tobacco," said John positively.

"Let it alone," advised the attorney shrewdly. "I would if I could. If you succeed, it will eat into your income; if you don't, it will eat into you. I say, John," he asked, putting his head on one side, and shutting one eye, "what makes you want to better yourself?"

John threw his forehead back. "It's something in me, sir. Something—why, I believe I should strangle if I didn't think I could come out as I want to."

The lawyer puffed and nodded slowly, as if he had the basis of a clear case. He was a peculiar man—tall, well-looking, and nervous. He had a kindly face, but suspicious eyes. His lips were delicately formed, but sharp lines fenced in their tenderness. He was manifestly a man who had succeeded in minor things, to the neglect of the major. He had plenty of life's wine, but it was made of inferior grapes. But he appreciated higher promise when he met it.

"John, I have a plan for you," he said slowly, "if you will fall in with it."

"That I shall be glad to do, sir, if I can."

"You're an independent dog, John. Would you mind taking the place of my office boy?"

The lawyer's face colored, but his client's did not. He trod delicately on the tall youth's pride.

"You see, I can't bear that little rascal around any more. He disorders my papers, he strews ashes, he doesn't dust, and small articles occasionally stick to his fingers by the attraction of cohesion. Now, if I could have some good, sociable fellow, who would take a bachelor's interest in this den, whom I could make a companion and pupil in study, and who could also copy for me certain writing I shall procure, at a respectable salary, I should approach somewhat closer to felicity. Eh, John?"

"You're kind, sir," replied the young man, filling up. He stopped and cleared his throat. "I'm not afraid of labor, as you know, sir. Even labor that some would consider degrading. But—sir—could I be supporting them—while doing what I want to do so much for myself?"

"Be supporting them! Yes, sir, if you use your time well. I can procure you enough copying to support them, if you will give your

word not to neglect studying law to spend yourself on their support."

"I shall study, sir. I tell you, sir, I shall study!" exclaimed John, glowing.

"What do you know?" asked Mr. Cramer meditatively. "I suppose you have had some education?"

"Before father died, he sent me to the Academy. Since, I have studied by myself; and that, you know, is not a very good way, sir."

"Depends upon who does it. You have, then, a good English foundation?"

"I believe so—and a little—classical learning besides," added John hesitatingly.

"Very well. Now, consider, lad, what you are going to do. Do you want to be a lawyer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because my tastes elect that profession."

"Glibly given. Make an orator, eh? But, John, could you labor for years to prepare yourself, and run the risk of being called a 'pettifogging attorney,' after all?"

"I can labor all my life to develop any power, sir. And as to what people call me, it will make no difference, so I am what I want to be."

"More young notions. But they will do; they act like steam-propellers. Now, boy, that's enough for to-night. You came late, or we might have talked longer, though, I suppose, this is sufficient. Our new relations will begin in the morning?"

"No, sir. I ought to have mentioned that I am engaged for a week to my present employer."

"So you ought. But it will make no difference. My young pest really should have a long notice to quit, or he never will get it into his head that he is dispensed with."

"I hope, sir, I shall not be the means—"

"Don't trouble yourself about that, my lad; I'll see that he finds plenty to do. The greatest trouble he will experience will be to do it. But stop; let me see what sort of hand you write."

John came back from the door and took the pen his patron gave him. He shaped in large, clear characters, "Yours most gratefully, John Wilkieson."

CHAPTER IV.

FLIGHT.

John's life became very much like the socks his mother attempted every winter to finish for him—blue-and-gray-mixed.

Janie, fearing he was not coining his time as he might, in her behalf, ferreted through all the crannies of his patience. She took no interest in her brother's plans, but was giddy and exacting. Mrs. Wilkieson's glassy eyes reflected, but never absorbed, the daily efforts of her enterprising son. She was indifferent as to whether he was a professional man or a mechanic; not because one is as honorable as the other, nor because she wished him to choose the work his genius was adapted to; but simply because her cold-blooded organism lifted itself no higher than to wish to have always a tide to move in. So John kept her afloat with as little as possible movement of her fins, it made no difference to her what means he chose.

It is bitter hard to live and work alone. Many have done it. In fact, most souls who succeed, do it during their apprenticeship.

John studied faithfully, and Mr. Cramer proved a fascinating teacher. But even he was a drawback to our boy. He dipped so often into cold philosophy and speculation about the future, such as John, ardent and high-principled, utterly rejected. On every occasion of their clashing, Mr. Cramer reminded him that he was extremely young. As he grew older he would have more reason, and learn to rely upon it.

Janie gathered some objectionable associates. With the disposition peculiar to her age, she very much desired to dress gayly and be admired. And her brother, though of graver habits, tried to gratify his sister. But her choice of friends annoyed him. He came home from office one evening to find a man slouching at the front gate, while Janie chatted to him from among her plants. The fellow cropped out of a stratum very low in the social deposits of the village. He was a handsome, lazy vagabond, who excelled at no employment except at paying maudlin compliments to silly girls.

"Good-evening, Dick," said John coldly, little pleased to see the prodigate near his sister. "Janie, is tea ready?"

Now John did not mean to convey reproof. He attempted a masculine hint that he would rather have her safely housed. But Janie was nettled that he should insinuate her neglect, and gave him a sting in return.

"Mother," asked John Wilkieson as he entered, "why do you let Janie talk out there with that fellow?"

Mrs. Wilkieson turned her head gradually and declared—"Why, John, I didn't look to see who she was talking to!"

"O mother! our Janie will be ruined. She isn't old enough to have discretion. I wish you would talk to her. You women understand how to do these things better."

"Why, John, I do talk to her from morning till night. It's 'Janie, do this,' and 'Janie, do that,' and she don't do nothing after all!"

"My little sister," said the brother, following Janie into her garden after tea, "I wish you would let me counsel you about some things."

"Blow away," replied Janie, in the elegant patois of her set, while she curved her neck back with the sense of late injury.

John stopped in disgust. Then he gathered up resolution, and marched to the war like a giant—as men always do when they undertake delicate tasks.

"Janie Wilkieson, you must make up your mind to quit the company that are teaching you to talk slang and act boldly. If I see that Dick Larkins hanging around our premises any more, I believe I shall order him away!"

"Yes, you dare!" blazed Janie, in the feline fury of a woman. "I'll do as I've a mind to, John Wilkieson, and that you'll see!"

The young man passed from this encounter hurt and humbled. He went back to the lawyer's office, and laid his head on his desk. He felt compassed to distraction, and helpless to overcome. As he sat grieving, an idea struck him—Miss Cramer, his friend's sister, might advise him in this dilemma. Then he recoiled from laying family matters before strangers. But the emergency was so great that John seized his hat and was half way down the street before he took the second thought.

The youth stumbled through his mission as he had stumbled through his previous commission. It was well Eva Cramer was a woman of cultivation and sensibility, and that she felt the earnest brother-love throbbing through his bewildered, masculine tones, as he twisted his cap and sat on the edge of a chair before her.

After he had finished with the plea, "And, now, Miss Cramer, can't you advise me what to do?" he sat silently eager, watching her as if she were an oracle; watching her white, nervous hands as they toyed with a charm at her throat, or scaled her bodice on its buttons; watching her blue, seeking eyes as they turned from spot to spot. Eva Cramer was no older than Janie herself; but how different they were, thought John. If he had a sister like Eva Cramer—and here he checked himself to apolo-

gize to his conscience, and aver that Janie was well enough if she wouldn't do so.

"I will call on your sister," said Miss Cramer.

"Thank you!" exclaimed John, flushing.

"I have noticed and admired her. I will try the influences that one woman can bring to bear on another. But—it is a very delicate matter. You must not let her know you have seen me—"

"Oh! no," gushed John, grateful for the prospective deliverance.

"Or she will have reason to feel indignant."

"Will she?" said John faintly, as if he had just discovered himself on the quicksands of impropriety.

"Do not be troubled, pray. I will do the best I can. I have engagements to-morrow; I will call the next day."

"I am so much obliged to you," said the youth fervently. "I couldn't have asked any one else in the world to help me, Miss Cramer."

He immediately flushed up a furious redness, lest he had said something improper. But Miss Cramer smiled joyously, as if it had pleased her, and gave him her hand in a way peculiarly pretty, saying, "Thank you," and, "Good-evening, Mr. Wilkieson."

Mr. Wilkieson! John went home giddy as a top. To receive the crown of American kingship first from such hands!

I beg pardon for disappointing you, if you think John Wilkieson fell straightway in love with Miss Cramer, and persecuted her with addresses. He thought of her, it is true, but with such reverent admiration as he imagined angels would inspire in him. She was to stand in such office for him; for he remembered the original meaning of the word "angel" is "messenger." His interview with her, short and awkward though it was, aided him greatly in his flight toward the heights of manhood. He thenceforward held her as his one human friend.

While John was flapping against adverse winds, Janie also betook herself to the exercise, though it was a different kind of flight.

"John Wilkieson," said Mrs. Wilkieson, when her son came to the next evening meal, "I never see the like in all my days!"

She was sitting in profounder calm than usual, with her lower lip dropped down in fishy amazement.

"What is the matter, mother? Where's Janie?"

His thoughts had not been off his sister for hours. It was the afternoon Miss Cramer was to call, and he had fondly imagined Janie

meeting him with some feminine grace reflected from his messenger, confessing her sins, and promising sweetly all obedience to his future advice. (Men do love to dictate.) But Janie was not visible. Had Miss Cramer been there? had there been an explosion? He certainly had not given any hint of her coming, further than to say to his sister he hoped if Miss Cramer ever called to see her, she would make friends with that young lady, to which Janie had replied with a sniff, and a declaration that "she didn't want nothing to do with his stuck-up acquaintances."

Asked John with masculine directness and hatred of suspense, "Has Miss Cramer been here, mother?"

"Yes. She come just half an hour after Janie went off."

"After Janie went off? Mother, where is Janie?"

"I was a sittin' here," droned Mrs. Wilkieson, "and I had set just about nine stitches in this pillow-case, when Janie come down-stairs from dressing herself. I didn't look round to see what she had on, nor where she was goin', till pretty soon I heard a buggy drive up. Then Janie came up to me and she says, 'Good-by, mother, I'm a going off to be married,' says she. And before I knew it, she kissed me and got into the buggy. I looked out and saw Dick Larkins was a drivin', and I called out, and says I, 'Janie!' but she just says 'I'm a going off to be married!' and away they went!"

John walked to the door, and leaned against the casing. Those who suffer most make least noise. He thought entirely of his little sister! his poor, deluded little sister! There was no strength in him, but he rallied. "Which way did they go," whispered John hoarsely.

His foaming chase, his bitter pain to find the mischief done, Janie's coarse taunts and her husband's insolence, were nightmares for long after to John Wilkieson. He came back and laid his head low down on the office table, that platform of his mental pleasures and perplexities, and sobbed in dry, tearing sobs. His nobler part triumphed through this dreadful experience. "She shall never want," resolved he tenderly, "she'll always be my little sister Janie, and if that rascal abuses her, she shall come right home."

"John," said Mr. Cramer, finding his pupil, and laying a kind hand on his head. "I pity you, my boy. But cheer up, cheer up!"

"It's got me down now, sir," quaked John, "but I'll get the better of it soon."

Janie and her husband came back and flaunted in his face, until they found he felt no malice toward them, when they began to make his house headquarters for themselves and all the army of Janie's new relations. John furnished a home for his sister, procured employment for the worthless being whose name she bore, and warded off with sharpened tact the encroachments of the aforementioned army, and through it all never lost sight of the high mark of his manhood. That pair was always a thorn in his side.

Nothing worthy is ever born into this world that is not brought forth with pain. Poets have wept in the travail of their genius. And a TRUE CHARACTER must be torn from the flesh with long-continued and exquisite throes.

CHAPTER V.

THE UGLY DUCK ARRIVES AMONG SWANS.

The sun, after having poured twice three hundred and sixty-five morning benedictions on our youth's head, went down one August night, perhaps rejoicing that his next shining would meet a clearer light in that youth's eyes.

John Wilkieson, on this evening, offered a timid elbow to Eva Cramer from a "social." She took it with such grace as Hans Christian's swans showed to their new companion, at the very moment when he expected to be annihilated for his boldness.

It had begun to drizzle, and John got an umbrella to spread over them.

"It's a very pleasant evening," he remarked originally, as they plunged into the weather.

"Excepting the rain," replied Eva, drawing her light wrap around her, and nestling by her escort's arm. "It is well I noticed the signs, and thought to wear my rubber sandals."

"I believe you are more thoughtful in everything than most young ladies," attested John. Thereupon he flamed from chin to forehead—poor tyro—for having brought forth his honest opinion, in the shape of fulsome flattery, before its subject's face.

"That may be commendation," laughed Eva, "but my brother would not think so. He likes girls to be girls, he says."

"So do I," assented John heartily; "but I like to see them getting ready to be women, too."

He unfurled another flaming banner of shame on his front, lest his opinion had been too sagely given. Miss Cramer could not see the crimson ripples, but she was conscious of their

fluttering, and did not appreciate the young gentleman less for his insignia of modesty.

"I think as you do," replied Eva. Whereafter there fell a silence, which was broken by John dragging from his bosom a long-buried and deeply pondered question.

"What is the reason people who are trying with all their might to live high lives, are so alone in this world?"

"Do you think they are?" asked his companion.

"Yes. The masses of people think differently from them. Surrounding influences are against them. Their own very physical structures are against them."

"You know," said Eva, "one person, for the love you bear that one, may outweigh the whole world to you."

"Yes, I do know that," assented John fervently.

"And one person of exalted virtue may be of such moral specific gravity as to tip up a multitude of common folks in our brain scales. Then why lament that the masses of people do not think as you do (except to wish to help them), when you have many noble companions?"

"But they are all in print, or coffined up some other way. They don't seem alive to me."

"Is Abraham Lincoln coffined up from our hearts? Isn't he a pulsing presence to you, and can't you feel the meekness and the grandeur in his soul?"

"But he has gone," said John.

"Has gone! No, I tell you," said Eva, warming—"he is! He is just as much an active being, walking up the hills of progression this moment, as you or I. And is Columbus only a stiff old history horror in a plumed hat to you? And can't you understand how Michael Angelo should be so torn with his aspirations? And don't you feel the shame and the zeal of queer old Saint Peter, who rose from falsehood to marvellous strength? Oh! this human nature, that 'grovels like a worm, and aspires like an angel,' is a living chain running through us all. And some of us count the centre links and think we have all the iron; we let the extreme ones that communicate with our brethren get rusty and broken, and then complain that no magnetic messages come to us. We are so alone—and so is the strong metal in us."

"Miss Eva, you've helped me!" exclaimed John. "Why, I see it all—why, I feel it—why, I thank you! My apprenticeship is

done. I think I have learned how to live. You women find out these things so much quicker than we do."

"And surrounding and inner foes," continued Eva, "are given to keep us stirring. You know this is not a play-day world."

"Ah! I do."

They had now arrived on the Cramer door-step. John guided the umbrella carefully, to shield Eva till the higher roof of the hall received her.

"Good-night," said Miss Cramer, giving him her hand, "and accept my thanks for your care of me."

John took that little, gloved hand and impulsively pressed it to his lips. Miss Cramer withdrew it. I think she hung out some flaming banners, but they were no signal for war against the besieging party.

"We had hardly finished our talk," stammered John, with the eagerness of necessity. "If I might——"

"Come in some evening and we will continue it," murmured Eva. "My brother will be glad to see you, I know."

John Wilkieson is marching on. His large, emphatic feet have reached figurative and literal paths that astonish even him. We are such improvable creatures, if we do but test ourselves.

I veil his practical successes. Every human soul has its peculiar mode of expression, but the inward germs are the same. John Wilkieson is not a paper man. He breathes the air over warm blood, that enters heart-chambers as full of original sin as yours. You will hear of him some day outside of a sketch, for men of his aim are not lost in the turbulent foam of a generation. I give him to you, not as a model, but as a precedent.

As for his mother and Janie, John does his best for them, as he always did, and has the hope of love which never faileth. There are some people whom you can barely tolerate. To live peaceably with them is an achievement. An attempt to elevate them would be about as successful as an attempt to lift swine by a lever passed beneath them; their contented, unctuous bulk will tumble either backward or forward to the earth again.

Whatever your own experience may be, whatever others may tell you, good people have lived, good people are living now, walking on the heights of our humanity. You can rise to walk with them; they will reach their hands to you. John Wilkieson, if you meet him, will reach his hearty hand to you. And

the Man who has stood highest, who loves this upreaching in our hearts, will put His sinewy arms around and lift you over the hard places. He is always reaching His hands to you.

FOOL'S GOLD.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHEY.

A MAN came into the office of a practical chemist one day, and after asking leave to lock the door, produced from a handkerchief, in a very mysterious manner, some substance which he laid on the table.

"Do you see that?" he asked triumphantly.

"I do," said the gentleman.

"Well, what do you call it?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What!—ain't it gold?"

"No; it is worth nothing." And placing some on a shovel, he held it over the fire, when it all disappeared up the chimney.

The spirit was all gone out of the poor fellow as he sank back in a chair, and at last the sad truth came out.

"There's a widder in our place has got a hull hill full of that stuff, and I have gone and married her."

True "fool's gold" it was to him, in more senses than one. But he was not the first person who has speculated in "fool's gold," and been sadly bitten.

The man who puts his whole soul into the work of getting rich—who robs his family of all the comforts of life, himself of needful rest and help, who grinds the faces of the poor to increase his hoards, will find in the end he has only amassed a heap of glittering "fool's gold."

The young man who wins his money by any of the dishonest crafts in vogue, is only accumulating "fool's gold." It will most likely vanish in smoke before his eyes; and if it does survive him, the rust of it will eat into his soul like a canker.

True riches are those which are honestly gained in lawful pursuits, which are wisely and generously expended as we go along through life. As soon as money is valued for money's sake, it becomes only "fool's gold."

Those possessions which have the blessing of the poor upon them, are the only ones which also have the blessing of God—that "maketh rich," indeed, "and He addeth no sorrow with it."

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

SECOND PAPER.

THE metamorphoses or transformations of insects have ever been looked upon with wonder. That yonder butterfly, so brilliant in its hues, so light and graceful in its aerial motions, was but yesterday, as it were, a crawling caterpillar, in no way resembling the beautiful creature we now see flitting from flower to flower, is something, indeed, that cannot be realized without exciting our astonishment by its marvellousness. When it first left the tiny green shell wherein its parent had deposited it, it was a hairy, wormlike animal, with twelve minute, scarcely perceptible eyes, and sixteen short legs, devouring with devastating greediness the leaves of plants. Then it became a smooth, golden-lusted chrysalis, eating nothing, without feet, and hanging motionless and apparently lifeless to some fixed point. To-day we behold it with large, elegantly painted wings, four in number, and covered with delicate, feathery scales. Ten of its sixteen feet are gone, and the six left are scarcely at all like those it had at first. Its destructive jaws, too, have disappeared, and in their stead is a curled-up tube, suited only for sipping the honeyed liquids of flowers. Instead of twelve invisible eyes, it has now two prominent aggregations of them, each of which, though apparently but one large eye, is composed of at least seventeen thousand effective eyes. And thus, throughout the entire structure of the insect, transformations no less marvellous and complete have taken place.

The successive stages in the life of an insect, which go to make up these transformations, are, as stated in our first paper, four in number, namely, the egg, the larva, the chrysalis, and the imago.

In the present article we propose to present a few curious facts relative to the first of these stages—that of the egg. Almost all insects are produced from eggs. In some few cases, these are partially developed in the body of the parent, before being deposited in the place where the larvae are to find their food. During the earlier portion of the summer, the aphides, or plant-lice, bring forth their young alive, though in the autumn they deposit eggs, which are hatched out in the following spring. The larvae of some species of the *Tipulidae*, a

family which embraces the well-known daddy-longlegs, reproduce larvae resembling themselves in every respect; and, what is still more strange, these larvae live in a free state within the body of the parent, feeding upon its substance, and finally causing its death. The circumstances attending the birth of the cochineal insect are also very curious. The larvae are born in the dried-up body of their dead mother, whose skeleton serves them as a cradle. This results from the fact that the eggs are fastened to the lower part of the mother's body. When she dies, which she does before the eggs are hatched, her abdomen dries up, forming a sort of horny shell, in which the larvae are born.

The number of eggs laid by insects varies in different species. The flea, for instance, lays about twelve, and many of the gnats and beetles average about fifty. It has been remarked that those insects which live on vegetable food are the most prolific. The silkworm, for example, produces five hundred eggs; the ant, from four to six thousand, and the queen bee from forty to fifty thousand in a single season. Surprising as it may appear, the wonderful fecundity of the queen bee bears no comparison to that of the female of the so-called white ant, which, depositing eggs at the rate of sixty a minute for a period of very considerable, though unknown duration, exceeds as to the number of her eggs any other known animal.

The eggs of insects are usually white, yellow, or green, though occasionally they are found of a pink or a shiny brown hue. Those of the brimstone moth are of a beautiful yellow, with bright red spots, corresponding exactly in color with the wings of the perfect insect, though the caterpillar is brown. The shell is transparent, and not at all brittle, appearing, indeed, in many cases, very similar to the transparent portion of a goose-quill. The eggs of sawflies, ants, and some other insects, which grow larger during the process of hatching, possess an expandible shell.

Though most commonly round, the eggs of insects often exhibit singular forms. Those of the small tortoise-shell butterfly, for example, are cylindric, with eight prominent ribs; while those of the larger species of the

same insect are shaped like a Florence flask, and quite smooth and uniform.

The egg of the gnat is shaped very much like a powder-flask. By itself it would sink in water; yet the insect glues a number of them together in an oblong mass, pointed and raised at each end, so as to resemble in shape a little boat, so buoyant that no agitation of the water, however violent, can sink it.

Insect eggs are frequently sculptured with the utmost elegance of design and delicacy of workmanship. The eggs of a species of butterfly are crowned at the upper end with carved work in the form of tiles or slates. Those of another kind are covered with a sort of network of extremely minute, six-sided meshes. The eggs of the *ephemeræ*, or May flies, are smooth and oblong, resembling sugared caraways, a form which has been proved to be wonderfully adapted for diffusing them through the water, where they are dropped by the parent.

Contrary to what one might suppose, the flea does not fix its eggs to the skin of its victims, but drops them upon the ground, between the boards of floors, or among dirty linen and rubbish. There are always found mixed with the eggs a certain number of grains of a brilliant black color. These are simply minute globules of dried blood, which the care of the mother has provided for the nourishment of her progeny. This maternal solicitude the flea further manifests in a remarkable and unique manner by disgorging into the mouths of the larvae the blood with which she is filled.

Most insects die very soon after depositing their eggs. The wisdom of Providence, therefore, has endowed the females with the most wonderful acuteness and skill in anticipating the wants of their young, when they shall escape from the egg, and have no mother to care for them. Her eggs are always deposited where the larvae, on emerging from them, may be provided with suitable food. Some of the solitary wasps store up in the cells where they lay their eggs the bodies of bees, and also those of destructive weevils, so injurious to orchards and nurseries. The ichneumon fly not unfrequently places her eggs in the midst of these gathered stores. Other parasitic insects deposit their eggs in the bodies of caterpillars. In this case they are thrust sufficiently deep to prevent their being thrown off when the caterpillar casts its skin. When hatched, the grubs or larvae feed on the living body of the caterpillar, carefully avoiding, however, any vital part, so as not to destroy the source of their nourishment. When full grown, they even eat

their way through the skin of the caterpillar without killing it, though it seems stupefied, and seldom lives longer than a few days afterward.

But it is not only in the nests of bees and wasps, or in the bodies of caterpillars, that these provident mothers deposit their eggs. Many of them find even in the eggs of larger insects a sufficient store of food for their future young. A certain kind of fly, for example, is known to deposit its eggs in those of a species of spider its most deadly enemy, and these spiders' eggs are subsequently feasted upon by the progeny of the fly.

These instances will abundantly suffice to show the solicitude of the parent insects in placing their eggs where their young will find a store of nutriment adapted to their wants. The strangest part of the matter, however, is that the mother insects, in the examples we have given, never feed upon the same substances as their larvae, and yet seem to be well aware of what is appropriate for them.

As the eggs of lackey moths, which are laid in the autumn, are not to be hatched until the spring, the insect does not, like most others of its family, place them upon a leaf to be blown far from their destined food, but upon the twig of some tree, round which she ranges them in numerous circles, where they look rather like pearls than the eggs of an insect. Each of these bracelets, as they are called in France, is composed of from one hundred to three hundred pyramidal eggs, with flattened tops, surrounding the twig in a series of from fifteen to seventeen close spiral circles, and having their interstices filled up with a tough, gummy substance of a brown color, which, while it protects them at once from the weather and insect enemies, beautifully sets off the pearl-like eggs.

But our space will not permit us to detail the various modes in which insects provide for the safety of their eggs. The little room we have to spare for this branch of our subject we shall devote, therefore, to a few paragraphs in regard to the hatching of the eggs of insects.

Of all insects, the only one known to sit upon her eggs is the common earwig. The naturalist De Geer discovered a female earwig in the beginning of April under some stones, and brooding over a number of eggs. She never left them for a moment, sitting as assiduously as a bird does while hatching. In about five or six weeks the grubs were hatched. At another time, the same naturalist found a female earwig, accompanied by a numerous brood of young, to all appearance newly hatched, and

nestling under their mother like chickens under a hen. They crowded under her bosom and between her legs, where, evidently quite pleased, she permitted them to remain for an hour or more at a time.

A more curious method of hatching eggs, which we have already referred to, occurs in several insects, which retain them in their bodies till they are hatched, thus appearing to bring forth their young alive. These insects, of which one of our most common flies is an example, are furnished with an abdominal pouch, in which the eggs are deposited by the mother previous to the emergence of the larvae from the shell. In this respect they strikingly resemble the kangaroo, the opossum, and other marsupial animals, which are furnished with a similar pouch for protecting their young in the first stage of their existence. There is a family of two-winged flies, the mothers of which not only hatch their eggs within the body, but retain the larvae there till they assume the chrysalis form. Another member of the same family deposits its egg-like cocoons in the warm, feathered nest of the swallow, where they have all the heat necessary for hatching them.

The eggs of some insects, as of the ant, for instance, increase in size during the process of hatching. In the eggs of moths, the embryo, previous to exclusion, may be seen through the shell, snugly coiled up in a ring. Those insects which are furnished with powerful mandibles gnaw their way through the egg-shell. Others, again, seem to have openings provided for them, in a door which they have only to push against to obtain their freedom. The egg of a certain bug is covered with a convex lid, which the young insect opens with a sort of lever provided for that purpose.

The period at which the eggs of insects are hatched after being laid, depends mainly upon temperature, as, generally speaking, heat has much to do with the process. The eggs of the blowfly are said to hatch within two hours, while those of several moths, and many other insects, remain unhatched for six, nine, and twelve months, and, in some instances, even longer. It is worthy of remark, however, that the time of hatching corresponds in a striking manner with the leafing of trees and the appearance of other materials fitted for the food of the young.

We have selected for our illustration this month an admirable representation of the swallow-tailed butterfly (*Papilio machaon*), accompanied by larvae and a chrysalis. It is one of the commonest and most beautiful of its family in Europe, and may be regarded as a type of

the butterflies properly so called. Frequenting gardens and woods, it is met with at two periods in the year, first in May, and the second time in July. The body is yellow on the sides and underneath, and black above. The front wings have rounded edges, and are black, spotted and striped with yellow. The hind wings have their upper part and middle yellow, with some touches only of black; their edges are notched, and one of these notches is prolonged into a sort of tail, whence the common English name. Near the margin is a broad black band, dusted with blue; lastly, six yellow crescent-shaped spots run along the border, terminating in a magnificent eye of a reddish-orange color, bordered with blue. The larva, or caterpillar, of this elegant butterfly, is large, smooth, and of a beautiful light green, ornamented with rings of a velvety black, spotted with orange. It is quite conspicuous on the stalks of fennel, carrot, and other umbelliferous plants, which form its food. When suddenly touched, it thrusts from the first ring behind the head a fleshy, orange-colored tentacle about an inch in length, and emitting a strong odor of fennel. The chrysalis is generally light green in color, though sometimes grayish.

There is a beautiful butterfly, quite common in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, which, in the colors, markings, contour, and habits, both of the caterpillar and of the perfect insect, so greatly resembles the swallow-tail of Europe described above, as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. In the drawings we have seen of the accredited American representative (*Papilio turnus*) of the European swallow-tail, the distinction is quite noticeable. Moreover, the caterpillar of the *Papilio turnus* is said to feed on the foliage of the laurel and sassafras. The caterpillar of the species we allude to, we have seen only on fennel, though young sassafras-trees were abundant in the immediate neighborhood.

THERE is nothing that helps a man in his conduct through life, more than a knowledge of his own characteristic weaknesses (which, guarded against, become his strength), as there is nothing that tends more to the success of a man's talents than his knowing the limits of his faculties, which are thus concentrated on some practical object. One man can do but one thing. Universal pretensions end in nothing. Or, as Butler has it, wit "requires as much again to govern it." There are those who have (for want of this self-knowledge) gone strangely out of their way, and others who have never found it.—HOWITT.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

PERHAPS Squire Thayne was listening to the wind, too. At the best, he was an absent sort of man. No words coming into the silence where Jacqueline waited for her Uncle's voice, she looked up at last, and as soon as she looked she knew that no voices of winds or rains were calling to him outside. He was looking straight at her, and yet it seemed as though he saw another face where hers was—a kind of solemn tenderness shining in his eyes, and all over his face there was the light of some great joy, but it was a joy that had been buried away some time in a great grief.

"Why, Uncle Alger!" said Jacqueline, and she drew nearer to the man; and in an instant there flashed over her an intuition that some woman had been inwrought into her uncle's secret life—had brightened, overshadowed it, as the case might be. If no word had henceforth passed between them on the subject, she would have been certain of this henceforward; and you know how it is when these sudden convictions flash upon us, with such a light that never a doubt shows its dark, grinning face behind. Jacqueline wondered at her slowness in discerning this—she, who knew her uncle better than anybody else did in the world, who had been his playmate and companion from childhood; she, a woman, too, ought to have felt that her uncle could never have been the man he was, a prince among his kind, at least to this girl's eyes, without some sweet, true, noble woman had sometime been taken into that great, deep heart of his.

Squire Thayne saw all the girl thought in her face. It was his own secret, you remember, carried through all these years of silence, and guarded as a woman guards the memory of her first love. He was a strong, stalwart man, nothing morbid about him, nothing feminine even, except what being without he would have been less a man.

Yet I should not like to say he did not color faintly under the wide, startled eyes of this girl, that looked in suddenly on his secret.

"You've found it out, little Jacqueline?" he said, smiling on her.

"But to think I shouldn't have known it all this time, that's what amazes me most!" she said, putting her hand up to her cheek in just

the way he remembered when she was a child, and something in the lesson perplexed her.

"Why does that seem strange to you, child?" he asked.

"Because I know *you*, uncle—that's why."

In a little while after he said to her—"My child, if there are any questions you want to ask me now, do not be afraid."

"Is she alive, uncle?"

"Not on earth."

She looked so sorrowful, that he hastened to say—"But it was not death came between us first."

"O Uncle Alger!"

"Yes, dear child, it was hard at first—God knows that, but I lived it through, you see," and the man looked grand as he said that, like one who had wrestled with a mighty foe, and come off victor in that battle.

She came a little nearer to the man; she laid her hands on his knee—"Uncle Alger, there is one more question. Do not answer it unless you had rather than not."

"Anything, child, ask me anything."

"What was her name?"

He paused a moment, and then he answered, slowly and softly, "Evangeline."

"It seems as though that ought to have been the name of the woman you would love."

He saw, after that, she would ask him no further questions, and now he had spoken for the first time, it seemed to come easy and natural enough to talk about her. "You want to know how she looked, Jacqueline?"

"Oh! that of all things, uncle."

She was about your height; in hair, too, the same shading of dark browns—but just there the likeness ends, at least in color and feature; blue eyes of the clearest and darkest, a very finely shaped head, and a face finished and delicate—a woman's face, not handsome, I suspect, among crowds of women's faces, but beautiful as an angel of God to me—beautiful, too, I honestly believe, to all who loved it. How could it be otherwise with a soul like hers shining into it?"

He sat still awhile, the gray-haired man seeing the face of the woman of his love, as it was in her youth.

After awhile, and in a few words, he would not be a man of many on such a subject as

this, he told the story. He owed it to Jacqueline now. It would be one of the memories of a lifetime to them both—the night in the library, in the smoke and warmth, the blind plunges of winds, the cries of the rain at the casement, and that talk that carried them far out to sea, and set them on the coasts of the youth of Algernon Thayne.

"You know what a wretched time that was, Jacqueline, when your grandfather died—everything gone to utter wreck and ruin, his affairs left in hopeless chaos. It wouldn't have been so hard for me if my shoulders had been a little broadened and seasoned for the burden which came on them in one dreadful thump. I staggered awhile at first, for you know what my life had been beforehand—the smoothest kind of sailing, with plenty of money—at least, quite as much as was good for a young fellow—with rather a surfeit of tenderness and praise.

"You know, too, I was fresh out of college, and had just made my choice of a profession, and was to round off with a couple of years travel abroad, when lo! the crash came! I had something to do after that. Your father was a couple of years younger than I—a scholar, artist, gentleman; but—poor fellow!—he never could be made to see any further into business than a baby.

"Thank God, there were some pluck and grit in me from the beginning, or I should have gone down under that first heavy sea; but there was your grandmother, quite shattered with grief of death and poverty; so you see I had to make a pull for it all alone.

"It came down to the hard bread-and-butter question, and I found it a tough problem for awhile. I rode some heavy breakers, but at last I got there—a good deal bruised and out of breath, it is true, but toughened and seasoned by that sharp fight for the rest of my life. You've heard me speak of the old commercial house of Hawthorne, Fairbanks & Co.?"

"I remember."

"I never expect to feel as rich a man as I did that day. I found myself with an upper clerkship in that house, and a salary of a thousand dollars. It is true the money went further in those days than twice that sum would in these."

"And there were three people, tenderly bred and accustomed to ease and luxury, to be fed, housed, and cared for out of that salary! Poor Uncle Alger!" said Jacqueline.

"But when you come to think of the two years that had gone before, this salary seemed almost like another fortune. I had had a tough

chapter set me in practical economy, when it was rather late and hard to learn it. But, perhaps, in the end, like a good many other hard lessons, it did me no harm.

"I got on well with my work, and grew into great favor with the second partner of the firm. He was an old man—a widower, with a son and a daughter by different wives. The years had already sapped his vigor, and in various ways the man trusted me—proved to me that I could be of use to him. A real friendship gradually developed between us, and his pleasant mansion, a little way out of town, was as open to me as the doors of my own home. It was there I first met his daughter, and in a little while we grew to know each other, and—I never knew when, neither did she—to love each other also."

"Evangeline Fairbanks!" said Jacqueline, breathing the name in a voice keyed just out of a whisper.

"Yes. How pleasant and natural the words seem! I should like to tell you the woman she was like, Jacqueline—the woman she was to my youth, to my heart and soul. I should like to tell you what I owe to that girl, what her whole character was—so finely balanced, so broad, and delicate, and true. I should like to tell you, dear, only a man cannot talk of these things."

"There is no need," said Jacqueline softly.

"At the close of the second year of my clerkship, the offer came from South America. It was not probable that I should have such another chance in my life, and I had no right to throw away my fortune, when she came with open hands to my very doors. You know how it was. An old, attached friend of my father's, desirous of paying some debt of gratitude to the son, offered to secure for me, on retiring from active business himself, the general management of a large business firm in Brazil. Reluctant as Mr. Fairbanks was, for many reasons, to part with me, the old man was among the foremost to urge me to accept this offer, and there was no time to be lost.

"Long before that, Evangeline and I understood each other. Indeed, for that last year we had been intimate as brother and sister—reading, and talking, and rambling together in the wide, pleasant grounds and arbors, and the great, cool rooms of the old-fashioned house.

"That night we parted, I said to her—'Evangeline, you know that I love you?'

"'Oh! yes, I know it, Alger,' she answered—no faltering, no affectation about her, the true, glorious woman!—only a blush came into her

face, and across the blush a smile. O Evangeline Fairbanks! the long-lost sweetness of your smile!"

Squire Thayne paused a moment, and his niece knew that it was swimming in all its living beauty before him—the smile out of the sweet, dead lips of the woman he had loved.

In a moment he went on:—"After that we put our hands in each other's. Ah! the feel of that little, soft, white hand—and we said—no matter; Evangeline knew—so did God.

"Her father coming in at the end, saw how it was, and called me his son, and blessed us—and so we were betrothed, and I set out for South America.

"I was to be away three years. Whatever there was of home-sickness, whatever strange and hard in the new life, I faced it, put into my work whatever power of brain or heart were in me, looking across the three years that lay before me much as wide, desolate, sandy steppes lay sometimes between world-wide travellers and home.

"The first two years were prosperous beyond my dreams. Your father went to finish his studies abroad, and your grandmother, whose health had been delicate of late, accompanied him.

"The mails were irregular in those days, but Evangeline and I did our best with them, and the only shadow in her life was her father's rapidly breaking health.

"One mail brought me tidings of his death, and the next of your grandmother's, who dropped away suddenly, just as Robert was getting ready to return home with her. I should also have started at once, only my business absolutely demanded my presence at this juncture. I learned, too, that Evangeline's brother, who, on the news of his father's death, took the next steamer for home, had taken the entire settlement of the dead man's affairs into his own hands. I had never seen this half-brother of hers. The old man had been very fond of his son, and weakly indulgent during his youth; and he had grown up handsome, shrewd, indolent—a man of the world. He was at heart utterly selfish, and his principles were likely to rock to the centre—bring them once in contact with his own interests. The facts were—I found them out long afterward—he had squandered his share of his father's fortune, and run deeply into debt while abroad. He managed to get the lion's share of the old man's fortune under his control; and then—I want to put this into as few words as I can, Jacqueline—an old college chum and travelling

companion saw Evangeline, and fell at once desperately in love with her.

"Of course, the truth had to come out then. When young Fairbanks learned that his sister was betrothed to a man who, two years ago, had a clerkship in his father's house 'on a starvation salary,' his scorn and anger knew no bounds. He was too shrewd to let Evangeline discern his real feelings, and he was very heavily in debt to this chum of his; and—I only know that he swore that our engagement should never be consummated—I only know that he *kept his word.*"

"O Uncle Alger!" exclaimed Jacqueline, actually growing sick all over.

"Yes, dear," speaking in a rapid way, as though the words hurt him, and he must make them as few as possible; "communication between the countries was slow at that time. Everything conspired to serve the villain's purpose. Through the agency of some corrupt employé, our letters were intercepted; and as nothing could shake the heart or the faith of Evangeline Fairbanks, they made her believe I was dead."

A little, stifled cry of horror burst from Jacqueline's lips.

"Yes, dear, it's a dreadful story for you to hear, I know. About the death, though, there was some plausibility in that, and they might have drawn back before they went so far as to insist on this, if they had not half believed themselves, and wholly hoped it was true. A vessel from our port had been wrecked at sea, and the name of one of the lost passengers closely resembled my own. She was ill a good many weeks after that; but their pertinacity and prayers at last shook her resolve. Before the year was over, she was that other man's wife."

Jacqueline sat still as a figure turned suddenly to stone. The flames flapped out great, golden wings as they mounted up the chimney. They glanced and quivered in their flight upon the fair, shocked face of the woman sitting there, looking down into the gulf of the youth of Algeron Thayne.

"How could such a woman as you have described be blinded like that?" burst out Jacqueline. "She ought to have divined intuitively what kind of man she was to marry."

"But he was not a bad man at all. I honestly believe he would have put his hand where Cranmer did, and let it burn to the bone, before he would have blackened his soul with all this guilt, had he known the facts. He was a good-hearted, generous fellow, desperately in love

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with a beautiful and attractive woman, whom he had been made to believe, by her brother, was about to throw herself away on some worthless, scheming adventurer, whose chief merit consisted in a tongue with a good deal of the artful eloquence of Richard III. At the time of their marriage, too, the man fully believed I had gone down in the wreck, and no doubt thought the world was well rid of me."

After he had spoken these words, Algernon Thayne rose up, pushed over the ottoman in a hurried way, and walked up and down the room.

The passionate fire of his youth had burned out long ago, but the memory of the old, agonized frenzy came upon him now, as it had not done for years. His face for a few moments worked with a strange agitation; then he came over to the girl and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Jacqueline," a solemn sound she had never heard before in his voice, "it is enough for you to know that there were days when madness and murder reigned in my heart together, and I thought only of vengeance. God forgive me, but if Richard Fairbanks had crossed my path then, he or I would have looked our last on the earth and the sky over us. The blow crazed me for awhile, Jacqueline. It came so suddenly, you know, the hour after I reached port, expecting to see her that very day—and to learn that she was another man's wife! Through the thick darkness of that time there was no light. Worst of all, my soul lost God—God, who had sat all that time in His heaven and let all that foul wrong go on under his eyes. He, too, had forsaken me."

Squire Thayne, pacing up and down the library now, felt for a moment the old, wild tempest of his youth waking up in his soul. He trod unsteadily back and forth, his rapid words breaking out of colorless lips.

Jacqueline was crying. He heard her sob. In a moment he paused, and came right over to her.

"Why, Jacqueline, what a brute I am to trouble my little girl in that way," speaking in his bright, hearty tones. "It was all over long ago; and you see I've managed to make a happy life of it—an exceptionally happy life, I honestly believe, when I compare it with most men's."

"But, O uncle!" seizing his hands, "what became of the woman—what became of her?"

A smile, a light of ineffable joy, came into the man's face.

"She died—dead!"

"Uncle Alger!"

"Yes, she never knew, thank God! With all her well-balanced brain and heart, I think that knowledge would have driven Evangeline Fairbanks into a madhouse. But a sudden illness seized her less than six months after her marriage, and when it was over it was all well with her—with me also, in God's good time."

"And you never saw the man—"

"Yes; once only, for five minutes, it may be. I sought him. I looked him in the face. The tempest which had made me long for his life, and cry blindly to God to take my own, was over then. I told him what I knew of that fiend's work he had done on the dead and the living."

Jacqueline shuddered, knowing how Squire Thayne could say such a thing.

"Evangeline's sweet, dead face under the sods that had clasped themselves green above it, was not whiter than that man's when I left him."

"And afterward?"

"I went back to South America, and threw myself into work again—work that tasked to the utmost body and brain. Meanwhile, you know, your father met and married his bonny little American wife among Scottish highlands and heather, and after the romance and the seventh heaven of an artist's honeymoon, he went to work at his models, and dreamed of fame and fortune, until his health broke down. Poor Rob! he used to pity me 'drudging away down there in that furnace-blast of a climate,' but it was the road to home and comfort for us all at last."

Then Squire Thayne came around and seated himself in his chair again. Jacqueline looked up at him with a smile so full of meaning and tears that she hardly dared to trust its glimmer across her lips.

"Now, my little girl," said Squire Thayne, speaking in that straightforward, robust tone of his, which, as it were, influenced all his words, and without which the real life seems to have oozed out of them, where they come to lie, mere wrecks and phantoms of their former selves upon my paper—"Now, my little girl, I ought not to have told you this story. It does not pain me and sadden me, coming out of my youth to-night, and looking at me, as it has grieved and saddened you to hear it. Look in my face. Do I look like a disappointed, world-worn old man?"

Jacqueline did look up in the fine, strong, resolute face; every line instinct with life, thought, feeling, all held in the large, Teutonic

cast of the features, and the gray eyes with their swift, native flash of humor. One could hardly conceive of anything more utterly the antithesis of his question.

"Oh! no, Uncle Alger; only," laying her hand on his knee, "when I think what the woman whom you have described might have been to you, what you have lost, it almost breaks my heart," the last words rocking on the great tide of feeling underlying her voice.

"Why, dear, it musn't do that," chafing the long, slender fingers on his knee. Then a light came slowly into the man's face, and grew and spread all over it. He shook his head. "She has not been dead to me—my Evangeline," he said. "She has been in God's world all this time, and that woman's influence has throbbed through my whole life. I never lifted a human soul out of slough and dung-hill, and set it on its feet again, especially if that soul was a woman, bruised and mired out of all likeness to the graciousness, and honor, and glory of woman, without thinking of Evangeline, and saying, 'She would have been glad to see me do this—she would have smiled on me with her wonderful eyes.' Indeed, I hardly have taken an important step in my life without stopping to ask myself, 'What would she have thought of it?'"

Jacqueline did not say one word here, simply because she could not.

He went on. "Yet you must not think that I went perpetually grieving for her in secret. All my youth and prime, after I made up my mind that my dream of being a scholar must go to the winds, was spent in a wide, breathless activity. Thank the Lord, I had magnificent health, and it was needed for the kind of work I had to do. It was business of a sort that drew heavily on body and brain; but at last, when poor Rob came home, broken in health and hope, with his young wife and his little girl, and poor as a church mouse—because it was in generous, careless, true-hearted Robert Thayne to be that and nothing else—I had made my fortune, and was ready to come home, too. Between bile and bullion, I should have gone to wreck in a few years more. As it was, I escaped both just in the nick of time."

Jacqueline could not help laughing. This quaint humor was always cropping out of her uncle's talk.

"Rob and I, you know, were the last of our race; and when I found that sweet wife of his, and the little five-year-old incarnation of mischief and merriment they had brought along with them, I said to myself, 'After all, Alger-

non Thayne, you poor, old, forlorn bachelor, you've found something worth living for, just as the first snowflakes begin to scatter themselves in your hair.' And now, dear, I've brought you down where you can take up the threads yourself. It was a good thing to have a home and kindred once more. It was a blessed thing that my little girl came to me."

The beautiful eyes shone up to the man through their tears.

"You saved papa's life, I know you did, for three happy years of comfort and luxury; and mamma's for as many more. O uncle! how glad I always was that the home at Hedgerows was finished before she died. It always seems to me that she is thinking of us here in the dear old home together—you and me."

"Who shall dare to say she is not, darling—who shall dare?"

They both were silent a little while there; then the man spoke again in quite his old tone.

"So, you see, my old bachelorhood has not been such a dreary thing after all. If it had not been for my little girl here, I should always have had a sort of feeling that I had not done my duty in life, though."

"I don't understand you, Uncle Alger."

"Well, I have a theory that it is every man's duty to marry some woman, and do all that in him lies to cherish her, and make her through his love and care a better and happier woman."

She was not surprised to hear the man say that. She knew the inborn chivalry of his soul.

"But, Uncle Alger, no second love could ever have taken the place of the first."

"Certainly not; but another might have had its own place and rights. Do you suppose the knowledge and the love of such a woman as Evangeline Fairbanks would not have made any man a better husband to any woman? I know what her wish would have been then. But it happened that I was mostly thrust out of the pale of woman's society until I was past my prime, and after that—well, after that, my little girl came to me, and as she grew up she took up such wide space in my heart that there seemed no room to spare for another beside her. Ah Jacqueline! I shall lay the burden of my old bachelorhood upon you. Our sex have a convenient way of putting our sins at your doors. We had an early example set us, and we haven't been slow to follow it."

Again she laughed; and although the laugh of Jacqueline Thayne had many notes, there was a husky sweetness that reminded you of a thrush's in her lower keys; but it hardly died

upon her lips before they were grave with a touched gravity.

"Ah uncle! how can I have been what you say, after you have known such a woman as Evangeline Fairbanks?"

"Because, dear, you are more like her than any woman I ever knew."

What a start she gave! What wide eyes stared at the man: Surely this Jacqueline Thayne, whatever her faults were, had little conceit at bottom of them.

"What! *I*, uncle? More than dear mamma, even?"

"Yes; more, even, than dear mamma."

She was still as a mouse awhile after that. It was almost midnight now, and they did not keep late hours at Hedgerows.

It was a part of the religion of Squire Thayne, that he and all about him should be no spendthrifts of vital forces.

The strength of the storm was exhausted in low shudderings of wind, and wet boughs dragging themselves across the panes. Squire Thayne rose up and went to the window, and, away up in the wide, black darkness of the clouds, he saw the golden face of a solitary star float for an instant, and then the black tide burst across it, and it was buried. Jacqueline had come to the window, and looked over his shoulder so softly that he did not know she was there until her breath touched his cheek.

"I saw the star, too," she said with the ring of her three-year-old voice.

He put up his hand to her chin. "To bed and to sleep, and God be over all of us!"

It was his old good-night.

CHAPTER IV.

It was pay-day at the woollen-mills of Stephen Weymouth & Co. In one corner of the factory yard stood the new office, which had been opened for the first time on the arrival of the new superintendent only a month ago. It was a small granite building, with a French roof, and narrow, mullioned windows, and the façade was ornamented with heavy mouldings in dark stone.

The small building formed, altogether, an immense contrast to the vast, gloomy breadth of old red bricks and small-paned glass windows, that seemed to look down upon the little, ambitious stone edifice lowering and defiant, as though its compactness and smartness were out of place there, and a kind of insult to their own bare, red grimness and desolation—at least, Philip Draper had thought so sometimes, when

he went out and stood on the bank above the dam, which afforded not only a fine point of view for the special individuality of the factory landscape, but the water drowned all the heavy thunder of the machinery in that wild, white ecstasy, with which it swept and thundered over the dam into the broad, still, green lake below. It was to get rid of the rasping and grating, and the low, steady roar of the machines, that Philip Draper came out sometimes and stood on this bank and listened to that grand organ of the old dam until his heart took courage.

Inside, the spinners, and weavers, and dyers, at the great vats, looking out of the windows, wondered what the "boss" was doing there with his hands in his pockets. I strongly suspect, if they had dived into his precise thoughts at that time, Philip Draper would have fallen considerably in the opinion of a majority of the work-people.

But, as I said, it was pay-day at the factory, and Philip Draper, standing at his office-desk, in one corner of the wide room, had paid off the long files of "hands" which had passed before him, commencing with the weavers, and coming down to the spool-winders—slips of girls about equally divided between the heavy Canadian-French and broad Irish types, for the most part hovering on the frontiers of their teens.

The last employé had gone out now, and the paymaster sat alone before his desk in the office, and the soft, Indian-summer sunshine flashed all around him, like still, shining wings of golden eagles.

It was time for him to get up and set off to dinner now, but he was in no mood for eating—did not feel energy enough, in fact, to drag his limbs out from under the desk where he had stretched them.

A great, open book lay before him, with long double columns of names stretching down the page, but he was not reading them—not so much as seeing them now. He was thinking that he, Philip Draper, had small right to be in the world at all, and that, if his place should close up, it would not so much as leave a scar, hardly pang, in any human heart.

And yet some lives were so full and rich with hopes and purposes, with human love and faith, too—why had his fallen to him so bare and colorless, so utterly worthless?

I almost shrink from showing you this side of Philip Draper, lest you should set him down at once as weak and morbid, and he was seldom either, there being at the core of him a

sound, robust cheerfulness and courage which made him turn to the bright side of things when this latter seemed very small indeed. But he had struggled and strained himself in his long scramble for a foothold in life, until his nerves and his spirits were beginning to avenge themselves.

It is true, he had never been, financially, a quarter as well off in his life as at this time; for although the superintendent of the Weymouth factories had a good deal of care and responsibility, still, Philip Draper had never objected to hard work, even when it did not bring him a tithe of the handsome salary which he was now in receipt of.

Philip Draper's father had died just within the outmost circle of the boy's remembrance. The former's story can be put into a very few words. The man had started with the fairest prospects in life, inheriting a moderate fortune while possessing far more than ordinary abilities. He squandered his fortune, he drank himself into his grave, leaving behind him a helpless, invalid wife and one son, to make their way through the world as they best might.

It had been a hard "scramble" for Philip Draper. He had to fight for his own foothold when he was a mere boy, and to clear a little warm corner for his mother, too.

Notwithstanding, he had managed to carry himself through college—how he could hardly tell himself, honestly, he was certain, and he was just girding up himself for a new tug and strain at a profession, when Mrs. Draper died and her son's health broke down. What that mother had been to Philip Draper—well, it was his own secret, so deep and sacred that he could never tell it to any one, unless it might be, sometime, to the woman of his love.

The doctors had insisted that he must throw up all study for the present, and get into some active life; so, after he found himself suddenly transformed from a rather shabby student into a paymaster of some large iron works, with a new suit of clothes, and through this road, a dreadfully smutty, dusty one, when you come to contrast it with the cool, green silences of his Alma Mater, the door to the great stone office at Hedgerows had opened to him.

"Capital berth for you," said his old employer, as he shook hands with him for the last time, just as the young man was about to start for Hedgerows. But young Draper choked down a sigh. The old Greek and Latin had left a sweet taste in his thoughts, that made him

long for the shabby overcoat and the slender purse once more.

"What great good will a fortune do to me! I've nobody to share it with me," thought the young man, and in that last sentence you have the key to Philip Draper's character.

But I have given you the shell of his life, thus far. For the kernel, that must be in his own character and acts.

Spite of himself, he has had to fight homesickness ever since he came to Hedgerows. If it had not been for that good fellow, Sydney Weymouth, the son of the head of the mills, he doesn't know how he could have stood up under it; but their drives, and sails, and tramps have just kept up a spark of life in him.

Yet, what in the world he has to complain of, Philip Draper does not clearly know. He was never so well paid, never better housed and fed in his life before, only housing, and feeding, and paying will never be anything more than the bark and shell to Philip Draper. There are other things that hold far closer relations to his soul.

Yet, these weeks at Hedgerows have been terribly dreary ones to him, a haunting homesickness and desolation, an utter want of interest in life has come over him; all the old forces and energies which have made this man fight such a good fight with fate have flagged now, an utter loneliness fills his soul, and its real cry, at this time, would, it seems to him, be the moan of the sea when she grows cold under the clouds, and shudders at the coming on of the storm; worst of all, Philip Draper's soul has lost God, can find him nowhere—his mother's God and his own!

Part of this mood is, no doubt, owing to over-tasked nerves, part to his temperament, part to his lack of all outward interests, it being a necessity of Philip Draper's nature that his life should not centre in himself.

So, he wonders again, sitting there, what he is in the world for, and it seems to him he has no place here.

Perhaps the hands filing home to their factory boarding-houses, with jokes and loud guffaws of laughter, pay-day always generating a good humor in the universal workman of whatever grade, could have thrown some light upon the question that went groping through Philip Draper's soul, like Noah's dove across the wide, dark gloom of waters that buried a world. Each one, from the weavers down to the little spool-winders, had an instinct that the paymaster had enjoyed giving out his small rolls of wages that morning, and more than one had

a kindly word or two to say about him which it seemed a pity the poor, lonely, homesick fellow sitting there could not hear. It would have lightened his heart a little.

Something suddenly glimmered on his eyelashes, and fell upon his hand. The sight of that tear stung Philip Draper with an ineffable self scorn.

He dashed his hand away, as though a spark of fire had touched it.

"Fool and spoony!" he muttered, as he would have muttered to nobody in the world but himself. "Crying like Shakspeare's schoolboy, are you, because all the plums haven't fallen into your slice of cake? Philip Draper, has your courage and your pluck oozed out of you into such limpsey, flaccid stuff that you are only fit to make cry-baby! If there's a spark of manhood left in you, get up and look your fate in the face, as you've looked it when it was harder than to-day, I think, and then go home to your dinner. You've known what it was to have little or none to go to."

A little, half grim, half sad smile struggled out on Philip Draper's face. That salt, bitter shower-bath of scornful words, dashed in upon his soul, had stung him into some wholesome life now. He sprang up, and in that very act caught sight of a face at the open window, with the nose a good deal flattened against the pane, with sunburnt, flabby cheeks, and white, woolly head.

"Well, what's wanting?" asked the superintendent, or paymaster, or whatever you choose to call him, for he went by multiform names among the hands; and he said this in a tone that would have encouraged any one wavering and half inclined to run away to come in now, and make his want known, whatever that might be.

The boy entered, lank, overgrown, and shuffling, coat, trousers, and shoes in an advanced state of dirt and dilapidation.

"I've come for my wages, sir," hitching up his trousers with an awkward, nervous jerk.

"Your wages, eh? Why didn't you come with the rest?"

The boy drew his breath, put one foot before the other, and mumbled something, in dreadful embarrassment, down his throat.

"What's your name?" inquired the paymaster; he was not one of your men who have a taste for torturing anything—criminals even.

This time the answer came clear enough—"Fin Brummer."

The dignified trisyllable, Alphonso, had been gradually mouthed over and worked down into

its present conciseness. In fact, few of the boy's associates knew he had ever possessed any more dignified cognomen.

Philip Draper turned and looked at the books. There the name stood, and against it four days of work out of eighteen. He began to have an inkling how the matter stood.

"How does it happen you've been off work so many days, Fin?"

The boy looked at his boots, which certainly could not, in their present condition, have afforded an agreeable subject for contemplation, and then up at the ceiling, and wriggled his shoulders, and yet, with all these efforts, did not find a word to say.

"Come, now, Fin, look straight at me. Tell the truth and shame the devil."

The boy could not resist the powerful attraction of the presence and voice. He looked straight at the man standing at the desk, and the words came right out of his throat of their own accord, it seemed: "I played hookey."

"I supposed so. Well, Fin, you see this playing hookey doesn't pay, after all, as well as work."

Fin had a keen realization of that fact, now pay-day had come and his board bill had fallen due; and again he resorted for suggestion or consolation, first to his boots and then to the ceiling.

Philip Draper, looking at the boy standing there, dumb, self-convicted, hungry and ragged, lazy and bad, felt a strong pity coming over him, moreover, a secret sympathy with his truant proclivities.

He had had so many morbid and miserable feelings himself, of late, he had been conscious of so many depraved impulses toward running off into the wilderness and turning hermit, gypsy, wild animal, even, that he could very well understand how Fin would enjoy far more lying on his back, or laying traps for squirrels, or climbing trees for birds' nests, than picking wool or hanging up webs in the bleach-house. The man and the boy in the mill office, unlike as they were, had one thing in common, after all, and that was love of strong, homely mother earth, and of blue sky, and broad, warm, generous sunshine, and the swash and rustle of winds among leaves.

Then, too, Philip Draper had been growing charitable toward the lapses of his kind, as he had not been in his proud, unbending youth, when he held such absolute faith in himself, in his conscience, and his honor.

It is true, Fin, standing there, was only learning the lesson older than the world's oldest har-

vest-field, of reaping what he had sown; but if beyond that solemn law there were no God somewhere with heart of love and pity, then into what fields of barren stubble, and what wraths of whirlwinds we should all come at last!

More or less of these thoughts worked behind Philip Draper's wide, gray eyes as he looked at the boy with the flabby cheeks and the shock head awaiting his fate.

"I suppose you want this money to pay your board, Fin?" speaking again.

"Yes, sir, I do," said Fin, his voice now proving equal to four gruff, fervent monosyllables.

"But it's a very small sum that's owing you—not half enough to settle your bill."

"If I'd take it to her, though, she might let me stay on," said Fin, with an eagerness that brought a glow into his flabby cheeks.

The superintendent understood that "her" and "she" referred to the hostess of the factory boarding-house.

"I have my own doubts about that," replied Philip Draper, and then, looking at the boy, homeless, and hungry, and conscience-stricken, before him, he made up his mind what to do.

"Fin"—speaking in his kindest tone—"I should really like to feel there was the making of an honest, industrious boy in you; and though I have no right to pay you a cent beyond what you've fairly earned this month, still I want to let you start with a fresh chance, so I am going to give you, out of my own money, the balance of the month's wages which you haven't earned."

At this announcement Fin opened his mouth wide; his light-green eyes seemed about to start out of his head, and he stood still, simply staring at the superintendent in a kind of blank amazement.

The gentleman proceeded quietly to open the desk, counted over the amount which was due Fin on the books; then he took out his pocket-book and added to the sum what would make the boy's full month's wages.

"Here it is, Fin"—holding the money out to him. "Remember, it will never do to try me like this a second time; but I am willing to give you a chance to make an honest, faithful boy. Go home, now, and get your dinner, and pay your landlady."

Fin shuffled up his lanky, overgrown figure to the desk, shoved out a soiled paw, and took the little green pile. He moved off without speaking a word, in a kind of dazed way, and shambled half across the room; then he turned

back and came up to the desk. "I thank you, sir," he said, and there were actually tears on his short, yellow bristles of eyelashes.

"You're welcome, Fin. Don't forget what I said, my boy," answered the superintendent, and he smiled now, and when the fulness of Philip Draper's smile came into his face, the one upon whom that smile shone would not be likely to forget it.

Fin shuffled out, and then the superintendent rose. At that moment there was a stir in the side-entry, and, looking up, he saw a rather stout, elderly gentleman, in a brown overcoat, and a whip in his hand.

"Excuse me," he said, coming forward, "but I called in a hurry, to see if Mr. Weymouth was in, and I hadn't the heart to break up the scene I was witnessing. I hope I did no harm by keeping still."

"Oh! not the least, sir," answered Philip Draper, blushing a little, however, as he remembered the part he had sustained in the act.

"Are you in the habit of treating your employés in this manner?" asked the gentleman with a smile; and as the speaker happened to be Squire Thayne, you know already how he looked, and what his smile was.

"It would hardly do for employers to run the mills on such principles," said the younger man, smiling in his turn; "but this was a little, independent side-piece of my own."

"I wish, my dear sir, one had a chance oftener of witnessing such 'side-pieces' as that in the world," said Squire Thayne, and he added no more—which was not needed, certainly.

Both the men looked at each other with strong interest. The elder, at least, was in a hurry.

"I suppose you are the new superintendent?" he asked.

"Precisely, sir. You have the advantage of me there."

"Yes—I forgot that. I am Mr. Thayne, an old townsmen and friend of Mr. Weymouth."

Philip Draper's face brightened with pleasure. "Oh! yes. You are not unknown to me now, *Squire Thayne*."

A little amazed glint in the elder man's deep gray eyes. "If you choose to have it that way, Mr.——"

"Draper," suggested the younger.

"Draper"—bowing his thanks. "You must have found our bustling little town lie rather heavy and solid on your hands or spirits when you came a stranger among us."

"Rather, I confess, sir."

"We are not a very social people, I fear—at least, the warmth and social feeling doesn't lie sufficiently near the surface. You have a crust of ceremonies and formalities to break through before you can get to any better side of heart and feeling. But, whenever you feel like it, come over to our manse without further talk or invitation. We shall always be glad to see you. Act whenever you are moved to on that knowledge."

It was impossible to doubt that the man meant whatever he said, or to regard this as a mere ordinary civility.

"Thank you, Squire Thayne. I shall cer-

tainly be moved to act on your invitation," answered Philip Draper.

Then the two men shook hands with a kind of feeling that they had known each other all their lives, and parted.

Philip Draper went up to his boarding-house with a lighter heart than he would have dreamed possible when he sat at his office-desk half an hour ago. Was it because of what he had done to Fin Brummer, or because of his interview with Squire Thayne?

No doubt, both had their share in his present feeling.

(To be continued.)

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE BABY'S DRAWER.

THREE'S a little drawer in my chamber,
Guarded with tenderest care,
Where the dainty clothes are lying,
That my darling shall never wear.
And there, while the hours are waning,
Till the house is all at rest,
I sit and fancy a baby
Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty white garments!
I wrought them, sitting apart,
While his mystic life was throbbing
Under my throbbing heart.
And often my happy dreaming
Breaks in a little song,
Like the murmur of birds at brooding,
When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
And the drawer was almost full
With robes of the finest muslin,
And robes of the whitest wool.

I folded them all together,
With a rose for every pair,
Smiling, and saying—"Gem fragrant,
Fit for my prince to wear."

Ah! the radiant summer morning,
So full of a mother's joy!
"Thank God! he is fair and perfect—
My beautiful, new-born boy!"

Let him wear the pretty white garments
I wrought while sitting apart;
Lay him—so sweet and so helpless—
Here, close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening
I sit, since my baby came,
Saying—"What do the angels call him?"
For he died without a name.
Sit while the hours are waning,
And the house is all at rest,
And fancy a baby nestling
Close to my aching breast.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

SOME one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade;
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Wearied with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Wearied with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright, golden shore.
Ring the bell softly—there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell softly—there's crape on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where life's conflicts enter not in:
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light:
Wearied with sowing and never to reap,
Wearied with labor, and wecoming sleep—
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell softly—there's crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street!
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest!
Free from life's trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss—
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
One more departed to heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly—there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell softly—there's crape on the door!

LITTLE CHILDREN.

THANK God for little children—
When our skies are cold and gray,
They steal as sunshine in our hearts,
And charm our cares away.

I almost think the angels,
Who tend life's gardens fair,
Drop down the sweet, wild blossoms
That bloom around us here.

It seems a breath of heaven
Round many a cradle lies,
And every little baby
Brings a blessing from the skies.

THE OLD SAMPLER.

BY MRS. M. E. SUNGSTER.

OUT of the way, in a corner
Of our dear old attic room,
Where bunches of herbs from the hillside
Shake ever faint perfume,
An oaken chest is standing,
With hasp, and padlock, and key,
Strong as the hands that made it,
On the other side of the sea.

When the winter days are dreary,
And we're out of heart with life,
Of its crowding cares a weary,
And sick of its restless strife,
We take a lesson in patience
From the attic corner dim,
Where the chest still holds its treasures,
A warden faithful and grim.

Robes of an antique fashion,
Linen and lace and silk,
That time has tinted with saffron,
Though once they were white as milk;
Wonderful baby garments,
Broidered with loving care
By fingers that felt the pleasure
As they wrought the ruffles fair;
A sword, with the red rust on it,
That flashed in the battle tide,
When, from Lexington to Yorktown,
Sorely men's souls were tried;
A plumed chapeau, and a buckle,
And many a relic fine,
And all by itself the sampler,
Framed in with berry and vine.

Faded the square of canvas,
And dim is the silken thread,
But I think of white hands dimpled,
And a childish, sunny head,
For here in cross and in tent-stitch,
In a wreath of berry and vine,
She worked it, a hundred years ago,
"Elizabeth, aged nine."

In and out in the sunshine
The little needle flashed,
And in and out on the rainy day,
When the merry drops down plashed,
As close she sat by her mother,
The little Puritan maid,
And did her piece on the sampler,
While the other children played.

You are safe in the beautiful heaven,
"Elizabeth, aged nine;"
But before you went you had troubles
Sharper than any of mine.
Oh! the gold hair turned with sorrow
White as the drifted snow,
And your tears dropped here where I'm standing,
On this very plumed chapeau

When you put it away! Its wearer
Would need it never more,
By a sword-thrust learning the secrets
God keeps on yonder shore;
And you wore your grief like glory,
You could not yield supine,
Who wrought in your patient childhood,
"Elizabeth, aged nine!"

Out of the way, in a corner,
With hasp, and padlock, and key,

Stands the oaken chest of my fathers
That came from over the sea,
And the hillside herbs above it
Shake odors fragrant and fine,
And here on its lid is a garland
To "Elizabeth, aged nine."

For love is of the immortal,
And patience is sublime,
And trouble a thing of every day,
And touching every time,
And childhood sweet and sunny,
And womanly truth and grace,
Ever can light life's darkness
And bless earth's lowliest place.

N. Y. *Independent.*

LIFE WITHOUT AN ATMOSPHERE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

HOW wearily the grind of toil goes on
Where love is wanting, how the eye, and ear,
And heart, are starved amidst the plenitude
Of nature, and how hard and colorless
Is life without an atmosphere. I look
Across the lapse of half a century,
And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower
Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,
Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in the place
Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose
And honeysuckle, where the house walls seemed
Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine
To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves
Across the curtainless windows, from whose panes
Fluttered the signal-rags of shiftlessness;
Within, the cluttered kitchen-floor, unwashed
(Broom-clean I think they called it); the best room,
Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the air
In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless,
Save the inevitable sampler hung
Over the fireplace, or a mourning-piece,
A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked, beneath
Impossible willows; the wide-throated hearth
Bristling with faded pine-boughs, half concealing
The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back;
And, in sad keeping with all things about them,
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
With scarce a human interest save their own
Monotonous round of small economies,
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,
Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet;
For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink
Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves;
For them in vain October's holocaust
Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills,
The sacramental mystery of the woods.
Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,
Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls
And winter pork with the least possible outlay
Of salt and sanctity; in daily life
Showing as little actual comprehension
Of Christian charity, and love, and duty,
As if the Sermon on the Mount had been
Outdated, like a last year's almanac;
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,
And yet so pinched, and bare, and comfortless,
The veriest straggler limping on his rounds,
The sun and air his sole inheritance,
Laughed at a poverty that paid its taxes,
And hugged his rags in self-complacency!

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

PERHAPS there is no greater distinction between Christianity and heathenism, than the different doctrines they inculcate in regard to women. In the teachings of Confucius, in Brahminism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, there is more or less the same spirit of contempt manifested toward the sex.

Yet the Vedas, the sacred books of India, contain many maxims inculcating a high regard and consideration for the sex. Thus we read in them :

"Man is strength, woman beauty; he is the reason which guides, she the wisdom which tempers; one cannot exist without the other; the two are created but for one object."

"Tears of women draw celestial fire on those who cause them to be shed."

"Woe to him who laughs at the sufferings of woman! God will laugh at his prayers."

"Chants of women are sweet to the ear of the Lord. Men, if they wish to be heard, should not chant the praises of the Lord without the women."

"He who forgets the sufferings of his mother in giving him life, shall live in the body of the screech-owl through three successive generations."

"There is no crime more odious than that of prosecuting women, and profiting by their feebleness to despoil them of their patrimony."

"Households cursed by withholding proper homage from women, see ruin come upon them and destroy them as though struck by secret power."

"The virtuous woman should have but one husband; the good man but one wife."

These are only a few extracts out of many. But modern India has forgotten the teachings of her ancient religious writers. In the Brahminic doctrine of transmigration of souls, one of the most fearful calamities which can befall a believer is to be born a woman. To enter the body of a brute or a male human outcast may be endured, but to become a woman is to touch the lowest depths of degradation.

The Buddhists treat women with less cruelty, and recognize her ability to take a part in the affairs of business, but still declare a certain inferiority and incapacity in social and religious matters.

This state of degradation and ignorance is not equally bad throughout all India. In Malabar, many females of the Nayar, or landed gentry, and Namburi Brahmins, can read Malayalam and write a little, but their literary education does not go beyond these requirements. We give, this month, a portrait of a young Malabar girl belonging to one of these classes.

John Stuart Mill tells us that in the Mohammedan States of India which are governed by native princes, when, during the minority of a prince, a princess acts as regent, she often displays superior administrative and executive abilities.

But not only has the influence of women been felt for good in the political affairs of India, but for evil also. It may not be generally known that the great Sepoy rebellion of 1857 originated in the ambitious intrigues of Zenat Mahab, the young and beautiful wife of Mohammed Suraj-oo-deen, the reigning prince of Delhi. This princess wished to secure the succession to her son, and cause him to supersede an elder son by another wife. To polygamy, however, these

acts and their terrible consequences should be justly attributed.

Yet even in India there are movements in favor of the elevation of women. Missionaries have done what they could toward educating the sex and changing public opinion regarding it, and not without manifest results.

The English government suppressed the suttee several years ago, and an association has been formed called the "Hindoo Widows' Marriage Association." Under its auspices a young widow of sixteen was recently married a second time, both bride and bridegroom belonging to the Brahmin caste. And the initiative having been taken, there will probably be others who will follow her example.

At Bareilly a native female medical school has been established, under the auspices of Dr. Corbyn and Baboo Gunga Pershad. Whether this school gives its students a complete course of medical instruction, or whether its teachings are confined to a special branch of knowledge, we are not informed. But we do learn that the women who have been taught in it have shown great quickness and aptitude for the study of medicine, and have made much progress. It is desired to carry out the experiment on a larger scale than has hitherto been attempted; and in order to enable this to be done, an application has been made for help from the English government, which we hope will not be unsuccessful.

It is also said that the proposal to construct special carriages for native females on the East India Railway has been approved of by the viceroy. The carriages will be reserved for respectable native women, and are to be "first-class," but with lower fares than those of the ordinary first-class vehicles. It has been recommended that there should be an European female guard and an European female ticket-collector for the passengers by these carriages. Also that the railway company should see that every station is supplied with a sufficient number of palkees and bearers to convey these ladies, on their arrival, to their final destinations. An extra quarter of an hour may, it is also said, be allowed to the trains to which the carriages may be attached, both at the starting and halting stations. At the starting stations it would be the duty of the European female guard to see that the passengers are well accommodated, their male relatives (if any) being provided for in an adjoining carriage.

Thus it is to be seen that the world moves; and when once the barriers of prejudice are broken down, we may look to see the women of India not only receiving, but becoming worthy to receive the higher appreciation of the other sex.

IF you want to ruin an impulsive boy, give him plenty of pocket-money. The receipt is infallible. We have often seen it tried, and always with the same unhappy result. Rich parents are too apt to indulge in this killing species of kindness, although every father and mother knows it is wrong; and yet such things are common. Say what we may about the harsh, austere, uncompromising old Puritans, their stern family discipline was better than the domestic indulgence by which children are "spoiled" in these modern days.

CO-OPERATIVE WORK.

BY J. E. M'C.

TWO young friends desired to take a short journey this week, and each considered a new pair of fine, buttoned boots indispensable. They each went down to the "shoe factory," one of them after dinner, and had their measures taken. In the evening each had her elegantly made boots all in readiness for the early morning start. I could not but compare it with my early experiences of having shoes made to order, when week after week went by, and the "promising" cobbler went on promising, but never performing.

That is what co-operative work and modern machinery can do. When will the day come that co-operative laundries will be in vogue all over our country, as in France and many other parts of Europe? When that day dawns, there will be peace and comfort in many homes which washing-day now haunts like a nightmare. Many women, but for this burden, would delight to do the lighter work of the house, and dispense with a troublesome servant. But this burden is too heavy, and it is ever recurring with clockwork regularity, week by week. The trouble of "a day's workswoman" in the house exceeds even the annoyance of a regular domestic, so of the two evils we usually choose the least.

Now, if the washing could be sent out and returned in nice order week by week, at anything like a reasonable rate, how many would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity?

Cheese factories, in many dairy regions, have revolutionized the work of farmers' wives, and reduced their labors to the ordinary round of hard-working women; and the joint-stock business has proved a very good investment. Would not this also prove a good investment under skilful management?

If such an experiment is in operation in any town,

will some one acquainted with the matter make a report of it? I am sure half the women in the country will wish to emigrate there.

MOTHERS, TALK WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

BY E. E.

WHAT you wish to say to your children, say to them now; death may cut you off in your prime, and they be bereft both of your presence and the remembrance of your advice and counsel. Above all, what you most wish for, pray for now, "praying breath is not spent in vain." And if your life is spared, time is passing, your children are growing, almost imperceptibly, into men and women, full of their own ideas, projects, and plans.

Therefore, teach them now, while at your knee, and you have their ear more than the world; tell them now, instill day by day the sweet gospel lessons of your youth; what your own mother taught you, what experience and observation has taught you, also read to them. These things, in time to come, will be to them as well of living water, from which they will drink deep and be refreshed, though now it may almost seem like water poured on the ground, they seem so heedless of your advice and admonitions. How can they appear but indifferent? They know not the value of your teachings, they cannot know now, but you know, and you cannot escape guilt if you do not fortify them against coming responsibility and care by words of wisdom that in due time will ripen into golden sheaves whether you live to see it or not.

The evil one is busy sowing tares. Shall not you, the anxious, praying, loving mother, be as busy sowing good seed? "In the morning and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR FEBRUARY.

IN this month little or nothing can be done to advantage in the garden. And in the culture of house-plants, the directions given in the January number of the HOME MAGAZINE will suffice for this month as well. Care must be taken to protect the plants from the sudden changes in the weather, and often extreme cold incident to February; but all active work is suspended until the coming month.

Meantime, if our lady gardeners are as interested in the culture of flowers as we ourselves are, February is not too early to begin to consider the seeds it is desirable to obtain, and to send on orders to the florist before he is too pressed with business to give them immediate attention.

The interchange of plants and seeds in a neighborhood should be as much a matter of course as any other neighborly courtesy. Do not hesitate to ask for them, and, in return, be as ready to give as you are to receive, never throwing away a plant or allowing seeds to go to waste, until all your neighbors are well supplied. In this manner your seeds may cost you very little, or nothing at all.

If seeds are desired of other varieties than those which can be obtained in the neighborhood, it is a good plan for several persons to club together and send for seeds, dividing both the expense and the seeds among them. Thus each will secure a greater variety for the same amount of money than though she sent alone.

We will give, for the benefit of our readers, a list of the most desirable annuals and perennials, their desirability including both beauty and ease of culture. Many of our readers will find such a list unnecessary; but there are others, if we may judge by our own needs when we first undertook the care of a garden a few years ago, to whom it will prove convenient.

We have already given one reason for referring to the selection of seeds at this early date. But we have still another. The subject will be disposed of, and leave our pages clear for the discussion of the actual work which must be commenced in March.

In selecting flowers, place double zinnias first upon the list, though they are last in the catalogue. Asters should next be added. There are so many varieties of asters, that it will be necessary to make a selection. The new rose, new Victoria aster, and early flowering dwarf chrysanthemum, are among the best.

Double balsams, antirrhinum, calliopsis, one or more varieties each of the annual and perennial larkspurs (*delphinium*), lychnis, tagetes signata pumilla (a species of marigold), tagetes patula (French marigold), petunias, single and double, a variety of phlox drummondii, one or more of each of the annual and perennial poppies, and sweet-williams. These will form a fine collection of showy flowers for a small garden. If the garden is large, others very desirable may be added.

To this list we should add one or more lobelias, only we have had no success in making the seed germinate. The lobelia cardinalis is a magnificent flower.

For large, showy-leaved plants, there are none better than the different varieties of canna and ricinus.

Now we want smaller flowers to fill vacant spaces, to edge our borders and circular beds. The indispensables are sweet alyssum, the different kinds and colors of candy-tuft, dianthus Chinensis (Chinese pink), the eschscholtzia, sweet mignonette, nigella (love in a mist), pansies, single and double, and variously colored portulaceas and verbenas. And if there is any spot in the garden so shaded that the sun seldom or never penetrates, and if the soil is cool, moist, and clayey,—by all means sow nemophilas; but they will not do well under other conditions than those specified.

For vines, the convolvulus major (morning-glory), the ipomea (cypress vine), thunbergia tropaeolum, nasturtium, and varieties of the phaseolus (running bean), are all excellent.

Among flowers suited for hanging-baskets, we may mention the abronia, convolvulus minor, lobelia erinus, mimulus, and maurandia.

This is not, by any means, a complete list of all the desirable flowers for garden culture, but, as we have already said, will suffice for a garden of moderate size. If the garden is small, the list must be reduced by omitting some of the larger plants.

Those who are not already familiar with the names of flowers and their distinctive habits and requirements, will do well to send for "Vick's Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide," published by James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., and sent free to those who purchase seeds of the publisher, and to others on the receipt of ten cents.

This catalogue embraces the names of a vast number of flowers, with brief directions for their cultivation, while every page is illustrated.

THE IVIED WINDOW.

(See Engraving.)

WE give this month an original design for the decoration of a window with ivy and rustic work. In this design the frame-work for the support of the ivy is made of poles, left just as they are cut, with their bark remaining on them. Any one who knows how to use a hammer can nail them together in the manner the picture indicates, or the plan can be varied to suit the taste of the worker.

The ivy must be started in boxes in which wood-soil, sand, and clay are mixed in the proper proportions. Finely grown vines can be obtained at florists', at from fifty cents to one dollar each. The plants must be occasionally watered, and their leaves must be washed once or twice a year in strong soapsuds made with soft soap, to free them from dust and scaling. Then, with a little care in its training, the ivy

will live and thrive, and grow anywhere and everywhere you wish.

Having reached the top of the window, it may be trained around the upper part of the walls of the room, and will form a beautiful green, leafy cornice.

The design we give can be varied almost indefinitely, to suit individual taste and convenience.

FLOWERS IN THE CITY.

ONCE we had the misfortune to live in the city—in a crowded part of the city, too. Our back yard was but four or five feet wide at its widest, paved with bricks, and so shut in by surrounding buildings, that only for two or three hours a day the sun looked down into it. But we wanted flowers, and flowers we determined to have; so the bricks came up wide enough for a border, and as no low-blooming flowers would grow, morning-glories and mock-oranges were planted to clamber up to the windows of the second floor. A shelf near the top of the high fence sustained boxes of chrysanthemums and wall-flowers. Hanging vases, boxes, and pots, in the windows, made a meagre display of foliage and bloom. (We were new to the business of house-culture then, and were not particularly successful in the treatment of our pets.)

The morning-glories, when they got up high enough to see the sun, blossomed finely. The growth of one of our mock-orange vines was so luxuriant that it outstripped all the others. Its broad, cool, green leaves displayed themselves for a length of thirty feet or more, the vine sustaining itself by the strings which we furnished for its support. It bore one mock-orange—a stupendous affair viewed as a mock-orange, being nearly twice as large as a man's head—for which we made a platform on the top of the fence, as it was too heavy for the strings; and that winter we ate *squash* of our own raising, in the very heart of the city, where scarcely a blade of grass had thought of growing before.

But we are not telling all this without some other moral than that which may be deducted from the raising of mock-oranges, and having them turn out squashes. Immediately back of our house was a court—a neat, orderly court—inhabited by a respectable class of poor people, but as hot, and dry, and barren-looking a court as one could find anywhere. It was all bricks—brick houses and brick-paved ground. Our luxuriant squash-vine and forlorn fuchsias and asters, seemed to remind the inhabitants of the court that flowers were a luxury to the indulgence of which poverty was no bar. A row of bricks came up; a slender switch of a grape-vine was set out; added to this, a fine variety of flowers and ornamental-leaved plants; while hanging-baskets swung in the windows or from hooks and nails on the outer walls.

Never before was such a transformation. Though our flowers withered one by one, and finally died, they still lived, having won an enviable immortality in that verdant, blooming court.

Chancing to visit this locality a few years after, we found the vine had scaled a high arbor, and was one thick wall of green.

It seems scarcely possible that a person could be placed in any position in the world in which the culture of flowers would be an impossibility. Had we not read M. Saintine's most charming romance, "Picciola," we might have excepted the prisoner confined in his cell and to the narrow limits of a stone-

paved prison-yard; but we have found that even there the love and culture of flowers may become not only the one absorbing passion and occupation of life, but the means of redemption from an evil life, and of induction into one purer, nobler, and holier.

Those who turn from flowers as unworthy of the time and attention of a busy working person, have no appreciation either for their beauties or for their uses. The first man and woman were gardeners by their Creator's appointment; and if there is any time when

their descendants are permitted to enter within the gateway of that paradise from which our first parents were ejected—to realize the fullest and purest pleasures of existence, and to be free, for the time being, from all wearing, sordid care, it is when they turn for recreation to the culture of the soil, and look for their only reward in the enjoyment of the wonderful creations of nature, and in that enlarged capacity for the appreciation of the beautiful, and that refinement of the feelings which are its sure attendants.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER II.

TIME.

TIME flows from instants, and of these each one should be esteem'd as if it were alone; The shortest space, which we so highly prize When it is coming and before our eyes, Let it but slide into th' eternal main— No realms nor worlds can purchase it again; Remembrance only makes the footsteps last, When winged time, which fix'd the prints, is past."

THE VALUE OF TIME is a subject which, in every sphere of life, requires serious and careful consideration; yet it is of *peculiar* moment to those who rule households and direct and govern children. Alas! too many of us acknowledge the truthfulness of this doctrine, but most imperfectly manifest our consciousness of the fact. Let us now dwell for a brief period upon the subject, and regard it in a few of its aspects.

Early rising proves the value of time; it not only secures additional hours for toil, but it is also the promoter of vast benefits, such as can only be conceived by those who make proof of its power. *Early rising* increases the healthful tone of both mind and body, overcomes languor acquired by indulged habits of laziness and inattention, and excites a proper degree of emulation. It also affords an opportunity for the due maintenance of personal neatness, allowing the performance of such necessary duties without hurry and confusion. Above all, it secures an uninterrupted period for reading the Word of inspiration, drawing therefrom that spiritual nourishment of which we stand as much in need as the daily food of which we partake; and it also secures a season of quiet communion with our Merciful Preserver, who has brought us safely through the dangers of the night, and whose aid and care we should seek for the day upon which we have entered.

When first commenced, *early rising* will present many difficulties, and require the exercise of much resolution; but, as all are aware, although it is hard to overcome any evil habit, yet *perseverance* unfailingly accomplishes the task. To those who desire to study, the young hours of morning offer peculiar advantages. The mind and body are both vigorous, and do not clog one another, as is often the case later in the day, when overcome by care and fatigue.

A good housekeeper and mother of a family will soon learn the benefit attendant upon *early rising*; it will afford her an opportunity for completing many household arrangements before the bustle of active,

every-day life bursts in upon her; she can inspect various departments, and arrange new plans calculated to improve the condition of the family, and, by setting a worthy example to her servants, can greatly aid them to overcome their own habits of self-indulgence, and can the more properly chide them for neglect in this particular.

A careful disposal of time deserves our consideration also. It is best to allot certain periods for the performance of certain duties, and not to deviate from them unless urgent necessity requires it. Mistresses of families should have at least some regard for their domestics, and remember how tantalizing it must be to a cook to be obliged to wait until the middle of the day before she receives her orders.

Such a habit is productive of much evil, for it promotes confusion and haste, and prevents the proper accomplishment of work. A want of method in the disposal of time has a serious effect upon children, and therefore ought to be overcome by a mother, in view of her offspring; and it frequently impedes education, or else allows opportunity for but a smattering of useful knowledge and accomplishments, and renders both daughters and sons superficial, and ill-fitted to assume their places on life's stage of action.

Procrastination is indeed "the thief of time," and is also a great disturber of conscience. It accumulates business until such a confusion ensues as is scarcely to be overcome; and the indulger in this hurtful habit writhes beneath the strokes of the inner monitor, which proclaims the dangers of delay and the overpowering effects arising from it. This evil is truly a distressing and annoying one when indulged in by the mistress of a family. It not only affects the wife herself, but spreads its contaminating influence around, sends gloom into the hearts of the little ones, and clouds the husband's brow, making home a scene of discomfort instead of delight. "Let everything be done in order and *in the right season*, and you will never be inclined to deny the truth that 'there is a time for all things.'"

Time must be so regulated as to admit of a performance of the duties due to society as well as to the household. Among these are morning visits, which, although often annoying, are almost indispensable. Time should, however, be carefully economized, and a few hours at regular intervals be deemed sufficient to devote to this employment.

In order to avoid too frequent interruptions, and to secure sufficient time to devote to the arrangements of a household and the cultivation of intellectual pursuits and accomplishments, it is well—especially in cities—to make it generally understood that a lady

will receive *ceremonious* calls upon certain days, or after a certain period each morning. Servants should be instructed to say to those who call inopportune that their mistress is so engaged or employed as to be unable to receive visitors before such an hour, and by repetition callers will soon learn the custom of the house.

Special care should, however, be taken that this message is alone conveyed, for strict truthfulness should be strenuously preserved. If taught to deceive by the message that *the lady is out*, when she is simply occupied, their general integrity will become weakened, and they will not scruple to deceive on other occasions.

"Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art."

MEATS, AND DISHES SUITABLE FOR DINNER.

A-LA-MODE BEEF.—To a piece of beef that weighs thirty-seven pounds, take one ounce mace, one half ounce cloves, and two large nutmegs. Pound them fine. After the beef has laid three days in salt, rub it well with the spice, adding a little pepper and some salt. Cut up some suet very fine, and add some onions, pepper and salt, green parsley, thyme, and other savory herbs,—some crumbs of bread, spice, and some eggs. Mix all well together. Make openings in the beef, and stuff them deep with the mixture. Then put the beef into a pot, with enough water to cover it, adding a pint of vinegar if desired, and let it stew four or five hours.

A PLAIN WAY OF BAKING A CALF'S HEAD.—Place the calf's head in a stewpan; cut the haslet and surround the head with it; add cloves, nutmeg, mace, pepper, salt, summer savory, sweet marjoram, parsley, and thyme; strew in pieces of butter, and flour it well. Pour in a half a pint of vinegar, and a pint of water, and let all stew together for two hours. If you prefer it, you can use crumbs of bread instead of flour.

A VEGETABLE STEW, WITH MEAT.—Cut off the shank of a leg of mutton, and brown the remainder in a frying-pan, with some sweet butter. Then empty it into a deep saucepan, and add half a dozen onions (previously browned—whole—with a little butter), and, in layers, the following vegetables, sliced and previously parboiled: cabbage, turnips, cauliflower, carrots, potatoes, chopped parsley, celery, leeks, tomatoes (or whatever is in season), strewing salt and pepper between each layer. Cover the whole with water and let it stew slowly for two hours, in a covered saucepan. Prepare some slices of toasted bread, lay them upon a dish, and pour the stew over them, placing the meat in the centre, on top. Chopped ham, forcemeat balls, spices, and some wine may be added at your pleasure. Fowls or game may be used instead of the mutton.

PREPARED CALF'S HEAD.—Boil a calf's head until it is tender enough to take the bones out without breaking it. Sprinkle it with salt, pepper, mace, and whole allspice; spread over it a coating of eggs; dry some bread and grate it, and spread it over the calf's head; then place it in a skillet, or Dutch oven, with a little water and some seasoning; brown it nicely on top, and when done, slip it on a dish. Make some gravy of water, vinegar, and flour, of the consistency of rich cream, and pour it round the head; make some forcemeat balls of beef, suet, and veal, well seasoned with pepper and salt, and fried brown; then lay them on the dish which contains the head.

PILL-LAFF.—Procure three pounds of fine beef or mutton; cut it into square pieces, and put it into a stewpan. Fry two onions, and add a dozen tomatoes; put these, with sufficient water to form a broth, into the pan containing the meat. When cooked enough,

take the meat out of the pan, strain the broth through a colander, and then pour it again into the stewpan. Wash a quantity of rice, and put it into the pan with the meat; let all stew awhile (about a quarter of an hour), taking care not to brown the rice, and then serve the pill-laff.

POLPETTI OF ANY MEAT, FOWL, OR FISH.—Remove the outer skin from an onion; put a couple of tablespoonsfuls of butter into a frying-pan; slice the onion into it, and brown it nicely. Chop up some meat, fowl, or fish very fine; add to this some flour, pepper, salt, allspice, and the fried onion with the butter contained in the pan. Fry another onion, and then add to it about eight tomatoes and half a pint of water; let them cook thoroughly, and then strain the juice through a colander. Thicken the strained essence of tomatoes and onion with a little flour. About quarter of an hour before serving dinner, put about three tablespoonsfuls of butter into the frying-pan, and when it is melted, put the chopped meat, fowl, or fish, into it, first shaping it. When well done on the side nearest the fire, turn it into a plate, dust a little flour over it, and replace it in the pan, the unbrown side nearest the fire. When all is cooked and nicely browned, heat the essence of tomatoes and onion, place your polpetti on a dish, and pour the essence over it.

VENISON STEAK.—Lay three steaks on a chafing-dish, and sprinkle them well with Cayenne pepper; lay a piece of butter about as large as a walnut in the bottom of the dish, and add to it three tablespoonfuls of mustard, four tablespoonfuls of jelly, and a little salt.

TO CURE MEATS.

CURING PORK.—Put together twelve gallons of water, nine pounds coarse salt, nine pounds fine salt, six pounds brown sugar, quarter of a gallon of molasses, six ounces of saltpetre, and two ounces of potash. Boil these ingredients, and skim off any impurity that rises to the surface. When cold, pour the liquor over the meat until it is well covered.

EXCELLENT RECEIPT FOR CURING PORK AND BEEF.—Four gallons of water, six pounds of salt, two pounds of brown sugar, six ounces of saltpetre. Boil until no scum rises, and then pour on the meat when cold.

PICKLE FOR BEEF.—Six gallons of water, six quarts of ground salt, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, one pint of molasses, two ounces of saltpetre. Put all together cold. This quantity is sufficient for one hundred and seventy pounds of beef. Lay the pieces of beef in the pickle, and after ten days turn them; let remain in twelve days longer. Pack them in meal, with raw side down.

To CURE HAM.—Put each ham with a tablespoonful of fine salt, particularly the hock. Then mix together a tablespoonful of fine salt, the same quantity of broken sugar, the same quantity of American red pepper, and one teaspoonful of powdered saltpetre to each ham; it must be rubbed well in; sprinkle what is left along the hock and upon the flesh part. Place the hams on shelves, the hock downward. After two weeks apply a little more of the mixture. Smoke them with hickory wood.

To PICKLE BEEF.—To four gallons of water add one and a half gallons of muscovado sugar, two ounces of saltpetre, and six pounds of coarse salt. Put the whole of these ingredients into a nice pot or kettle, and let it boil, being careful to take off the scum as it rises; when there is no more scum, take the liquor off the fire, and let it stand till cold; then put your meat into the pickle for two days; after which, remove it from it, rub it with saltpetre and sugar, pack it down, and keep it closely covered.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

The most distinguished evening toilets are of silk or satin, worn with a tunic of white or colored tulle, China crape, gauze, or tarletane. Moire antiques are also coming into fashion again. The fashionable colors are prune, marine blue, Nile green, apricot (a shade between pink and yellow), and pink coral.

Dinner, reception, and evening dresses are usually worn with a train, except on occasions when there is to be dancing, though short dresses are not entirely forbidden. Sixty-five inches is the average length of the train. The front and the two side breadths are made short and gored, while the two back breadths are full. The corsage may be made high necked, or low and square in front and high at the back, heart-shaped, round, or sharply pointed front and back, and filled in with tulle folds and lace. There is usually a basque, though there may be simply a belt with sash.

There is some effort to revive pointed corsages, but so far it has not met with much success. Coat sleeves, or the still more fashionable sabot sleeves, are worn with the high-necked corsage; antique sleeves made plain to the elbow, and then flounced, with the half-high corsage; and short puffed sleeves with the low neck.

The tunic, usually white and of some thinner material, is made as long as the underskirt, and is looped up in various ways at the sides and back. The most elegant, but at the same time most expensive trimming for tunics, is of lace. Sometimes white and black lace are both employed, the former placed over the latter. The tunics may be looped with flowers or with rosettes. When the tunic is of gauze or crape, the same material may be very effectively used in puffs, ruffles, plaits, and quilling to trim the dress. Thick silk fringe crimped to imitate crape is an appropriate trimming for China crape. The very latest style of trimming is of feathers, tunics and evening dresses being trimmed with white Marabout, grebe feathers, and peacock's tips. This trimming is not confined to evening costumes, but is used on walking-dresses and cloaks as well. Suits of black faille are trimmed with a two-inch band of cock's plumes, which are more difficult to prepare than the ostrich bands. The ostrich tips are well curled, and are used on velvet as a heading for lace, and as the only trimming on paletots of velvet beaver.

Sometimes the materials of the dresses and tunics are reversed, and satin or velvet tunics are worn with ball dresses of tulle and tarletane.

A separate train of black velvet may be belted over any dress, and thus make a rich and appropriate dinner costume. Velvet is more worn than ever this season, not only for trimming, but for entire costumes—cloaks, basques, and petticoats.

A velvet petticoat of some bright color, with an overdress of rich silk or satin matching in color, is the latest Parisian novelty for walking-dresses.

OUR EXTENSION SHEET.

Attention is called to the extension sheet, equal to eight pages, which we give this month. On this will be found fashions, costumes for fancy ball, design for slipper, embroideries for handkerchiefs, and for muslin and lace edgings, braiding pattern for cushion, illustrations of the latest styles in sleeves, jackets, etc.,

besides designs for fancy articles suitable for fairs or gifts. There is no magazine of equal price with our own which offers such an amount and variety of useful illustrations. We are sure the HOME MAGAZINE cannot fail to prove an acceptable adjunct to the work-table.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET. FIRST SIDE.

No. 1.—A Suit of maroon cashmere, the short skirt trimmed with a flounce and heading. Tunic artistically draped—a little round apron in front, long points for sleeves, full, and caught up in the middle behind, the whole trimmed with bias velvet and fringe. Bow with four loops of maroon silk, fringed. Toquet of maroon felt, trimmed with velvet of the same color, and a feather.

No. 2.—Robe of pearl-gray satin, demi-traine. Palmetot of violet velvet, fringed and trimmed with bows of violet silk.

No. 3.—Underdress of white silk, with plaited flounce around the bottom of the skirt; long vest, buttoned up with pearl buttons. Long, loose overdress of blue satin, trimmed with white satin bands and buttons up the front. Hat, fastened on one side of the head, of blue satin with long ends at the side; hair powdered. Blue satin slippers with high heels.

No. 4.—Underskirt of pink satin, trimmed with two narrow rows of white satin. Overdress of white satin, looped up with branches of pink roses. Low square bodice, laced up the front; trimmed with pink satin and roses. Hair powdered and ornamented with roses. Pink satin slippers, trimmed with roses. Staff with roses and ribbon on end.

No. 5.—Jewel Cup with Oriental Embroidery. Cut the six sides of pasteboard, also the six-cornered bottom. Draw the design for each section of the cup on thin white pasteboard. Cut the pasteboard out whenever a large bead is represented, and fasten the pattern thus prepared on the material designed for the embroidery, and under which is laid a lining of white fringe. Punch both thicknesses with a stiletto wherever the pasteboard is cut out, after which take away the pasteboard. Slide the beads through both thicknesses of the material from the under side out, so that only half of them shall be visible on the right side, and fasten them with double yellow silk passed through them. In the illustration white enamel, imitation coral, and cut jet beads are used. The figures are edged with gold cord, and little gold beads fill up the spaces between the large beads. Line the pasteboard pieces with silk, and join all the pieces with each other and with the bottom. Cover the seams with gold cord, and sew cord along the edges. Lastly, sew bead grelots along the edges, and set in the standard. The standard in the design is of bronze, and is fastened by means of a screw on the under side. If economy is desirable, the standard may be made of wire wound with yellow silk, and tipped with beads. The material used in this embroidery may be cloth, velvet, silk, or plush, in any color desired. The color of the beads may also be varied.

No. 6.—Toilet Cushion with Oriental Embroidery. This cushion is nine inches in diameter, and two and a half inches high. The cushion is covered with white silk, which is arranged in puffs at the outer

edges. Embroider the cover, which is scalloped on the edges, in the manner described for making the jewel cup. Set a large coral bead in the centre, and edge it with six cut jet beads. Finish the outer edge with gretols of white beads.

No. 7.—Monogram for Handkerchief.

Nos. 8 and 9.—Patterns for Embroidery.

No. 10.—A Chignon of thick plaits intermixed with colored ribbon, and pinned so as to fall low at the back of the neck.

No. 11.—Black Tulle Hat, ornamented with black lace, white roses, and black velvet.

Nos. 12 and 13.—Front and Back View of Jacket made of white merino, and trimmed with scarlet, blue, or black velvet. Or it may be made of scarlet or blue merino and trimmed with black.

No. 14.—A new and graceful Overskirt, suitable for poplin, merino, alpaca, and woollen dresses. The front

is double, but not necessarily so, as the form of this tablier, which terminates at the back in a bow and short ruffled ends can easily be simulated with trimming. One row of box-plaiting surrounds the tablier and two rows of the same edge the lower part of this overskirt.

No. 15.—A Coat Sleeve trimmed like the illustration, with three dahlia-like rosettes of velvet bands of narrower velvet, and satin buttons to correspond in color with the dress.

No. 16.—Marie Therese Sleeve. For evening dress, the Marie Therese-sleeve is much worn. It reaches only to the elbow, is edged with a Russian plaiting and inner ruffle of fluted muslin or fine lace; above these ruffles is a ruching or box-plaiting of velvet, terminating at the elbow with a bow and ends.

No. 17.—Coat Sleeve trimmed at the elbow with two vandyked ruffles, bound with velvet.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Scribner & Co., New York, we have received the first and second volumes of their new, cheap, and popular edition of Froude's *History of England*. This great work, however much men may differ in regard to the deductions of its author, all concede to be unrivaled in the graphic vigor of its style. As brilliant and attractive as Macaulay, Froude is far more reliable, and, in those minute and painstaking researches which constitute one of the principal charms of modern history, he has no equal. This book is for sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. *Ramess the Great; or, Egypt 3300 Years Ago*—a translation from the French of F. De Lanoye—is a book both interesting and instructive. It forms the sixth volume of Scribner's Illustrated Library of Wonders, a unique series of useful and pleasant books, at once learned and popular, and adapted to the reading of both young and old. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates.

Sheldon & Co., of New York, have brought out a neat edition of Mrs. Annie Edwards' latest and, in many respects, best novel—*Susan Fielding*. It is a story that cannot fail to win the reader's regard. The volume is rather indifferently illustrated by Sol. Etinge and Winslow Homer. The same publishers also send us the first part of Charles Reade's *Put Yourself in His Place*. This promises to be the most vigorous production of an author who, whatever defects he may be charged with, has certainly never been accused of wanting strength. It illustrates the combinations of labor against capital, and the evil results which may follow when these combinations are formed by ignorant and short-sighted men, blind alike to their own interests and to those of their employers. Spurgeon's *John Ploughman's Talk; or, Plain Thoughts for Plain People*—also from Sheldon & Co.—is one of the best books of the season, full of practical common sense, put in the plainest and homeliest language, and should be read by every one. These books are for sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, publish two pretty little juvenile books, entitled, *Little Rosie's Christmas Times*, and *Little Rosie in the Country*, both by Margaret Hosmer. They are nicely illustrated, and cannot fail to please the children.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, send us several publications this month. Among them we find two very attractive volumes for boys—*The Cabin on the Prairie*, by Rev. C. H. Pearson, author of "Scenes in the West," and *Planting the Wilderness, a Story of Frontier Life*, by James D. McCabe, Jr. These stories belong to the "Frontier Series," are capitally illustrated, and brimful of wonderful and thrilling adventures, just such as boys like to read about. For sale in Philadelphia by Turner Brothers & Co. *Down the Rhine; or, Young America in Germany*, a story of Travel and Adventure, by Oliver Optic, belongs to the "Young America Abroad" series, and is the sixth and last volume of the first series. *The Sunset Land; or, The Great Pacific Slope*, by Rev. John Todd, D.D., is a lively and interesting book on California, its geographic features, climate, productions, resources, and people, as viewed and considered by the tourist. These two books can be had in Philadelphia of J. B. Lippincott & Co. Lee & Shepard also publish a temperance story, entitled *Hester Strong's Life Work; or, The Mystery Solved*, by Mrs. S. A. Southworth. For sale at Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston, we have received *The Woman Who Dared*, by Epes Sargent; *The Writings of Madame Swetchine*, edited by Count de Faloux, of the French Academy, and translated by H. W. Preston; and *Nidworth and His Three Magic Wands*, by E. Prentiss, author of "The Susy Books," etc. *The Woman Who Dared* is a book of unequal literary merit, some portions of it being really of high poetic character, while others descend—it may be designately, it is true—to the level of the most commonplace prose. We must say, however, that, in the one great exhibition of womanly daring which Mr. Sargent has thought of sufficient moment to form the climax of his narrative, we see nothing to excite our special wonder. Women have proposed marriage to men before now, and will continue to do so to the end of time, when circumstances seem to justify them in so doing. Ordinarily, however, the recognized way, we think, is just as good as any other—just as convenient, and just as satisfactory to both parties. We have neither time nor inclination to discuss the other social questions brought forward by Mr. Sargent,

To speak candidly, however, we do not feel that we can heartily recommend his book, either for its poetry or its philosophy. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia, have it for sale. *Nidworth* is an attractive and instructive fairy story of more than ordinary merit. This, as well as the *Writings of Madame Swetchine*, can be obtained of Turner Brothers & Co., of Philadelphia.

Roberts Brothers, of Boston, send us *Great Mysteries and Little Plagues*, by John Neal—a book about children. It is fresh, original, and readable, as is everything from the pen of Mr. Neal. From the same publishers we have *The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition*, by Frederic Henry Hedge.

M. W. Dodd, of New York, sends us the second series of *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets*, by Edwin Paxton Hood. A pleasant and instructive volume, and, like the first series, rich in anecdote, and copiously illustrated by specimens of every order of pulpit eloquence. The subjects specially treated of are, the pulpit of our-age, written and extemporary sermons, effective preaching, and the mental tools needful for the pulpit. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. We have also received from Mr. Dodd *The Life of Christ Harmonized from the Four Evangelists*: a Sunday-school lesson-book, in three grades, by Robert Mimpries. Grade Second—for children; also, the *Teacher's Manual*, to accompany the book justmentioned, and by the same author,

From Loring, Boston, we have received *The Soprano*, a musical story, by Jane Kingsford, of more than ordinary excellence and interest; and *Luck and Pluck; or, John Oakley's Inheritance*, by Horatio Alger, Jr. A handsomely illustrated, entertaining, and instructive volume, the first of a series of stories for boys, to be called the "Luck and Pluck Series." A volume by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," etc., will be hailed with pleasure by her numerous admirers. *Hitherto, a Story of Yesterday*, from the press of Loring, Boston, is the title of the new book, which cannot fail to be widely popular. These books may be had in Philadelphia of Turner Brothers & Co.

From E. Steiger, New York—who, by the way, keeps the largest and completest German bookstore on this side the Atlantic—we have received a *Manual of the German Language*, by W. Grauert, A.M., and *Ahr's German Handwriting*, a companion to every German grammar and reader, with notes by W. Grauert. Of the latter of these books we gave a notice in the HOME MAGAZINE of December last. The *Manual* seems to us to present a remarkably clear, simple, practical, and, though comparatively brief, sufficiently complete course for inducting the pupil into a general acquaintance with the German.

George Maclean, of Philadelphia, sends us *The Physical Life of Woman*: advice to the maiden, wife, and mother. By George H. Napheys, A.M., M.D., member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, etc.

"*In Both Worlds*" is a new book by Dr. Wm. H. Holcombe, author of "Our Children in Heaven," from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is a romance based on the fiction of a MS. discovered in Mount Lebanon, purporting to be written by Lazarus, who was raised from the dead by our Saviour. The story, which is one of considerable power, professes to give the life, history, and experience of Lazarus, not only in this world, but also in the world of spirits during the time that elapsed between his natural death and restoration to life. We think the volume destined to make a sensation. Already we notice a few strong animal-versions by the press, some editors classing it with

"Gates Ajar." The headings of some of the chapters will give an idea of its character and scope. They are: "My First Death," "My Spiritual Body," "The World of Spirits," "The Magicians in Hell," "Friends in Heaven," "Back to Earth," etc., etc. From the same publishers we have a charming story for children, by Frank Sewell, called *Moody Mike; or, The Power of Love*. It is one of the best of the season. We have also a small volume in paper, containing two pleasant stories from the German—*Magdalena*, by the author of "Gold Elsie," etc., and *The Lonely One*, by Paul Heyse, a poet and romancist, whose name is yet new to most readers on this side of the Atlantic, but who holds a high rank in his native country. These stories have been reprinted from *Lippincott's Magazine*, and are illustrated by two excellent engravings from designs by Bensell. *Erling the Bold*, by Ballantyne, is another publication from this house. It is an interesting and readable tale of the Norsemen, in which King Harold figures as a prominent character.

Henry Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill, Boston, sends us *He that Overcometh; or, A Conquering Gospel*, a well-intentioned, sometimes eloquent, very often grandiloquent volume, by W. E. Boardman, author of "The Higher Christian Life." For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

From L. Stebbins, Hartford, Connecticut, we have received, *Woman: her Rights, Wrongs, Privileges, and Responsibilities*, by L. P. Brocket, M.D., author of "Woman's Work in the Civil War," etc. The views presented in this volume with regard to the great questions of the day, in which woman is involved, seem to us a meek and gentle echo of the moderately advanced opinions recently enunciated by the Rev. Dr. Bushnell. As for the rest, the book contains no little encyclopedic information, which it may be well should be popularly known. Sold only by agents, who will address the publisher as above.

The Hartford Publishing Company, Hartford, Connecticut, have favored us with advance sheets of Mrs. E. F. Ellet's new work, *The Court Circles of the Republic; or, The Beauties and Celebrities of the Nation*. This is an interesting, gossipy work, attempting nothing so serious as history, but filled with lively descriptions and personal anecdotes. It is to be illustrated by original portraits engraved on steel. We have before us some of these illustrations—and very fine ones they are, too—which include portraits of Mrs. William Sprague, Mrs. Alexander W. Randall, Rosa Verterne Jeffrey, and of the fair authoress herself. To be sold only by subscription.

J. A. Getze, 1102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, has sent us the second number of *The Silver Tongue and Organist's Repertory*, a monthly miscellany, containing, besides a goodly store of interesting reading matter, several pieces of music, remarkable for the neatness and clearness of its typography.

From A. M. Purdy (successor to Purdy & Johnston), of Palmyra, N. Y., we have received the *Small Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardener*, a valuable little monthly, containing the most practical articles we have as yet seen on the cultivation of small fruits and the management of gardens. Price fifty cents a year. Specimen copy sent on receipt of stamp. The same publisher has also favored us with a copy of his *Small Fruit Instructor*, a little pamphlet containing concise yet clear instructions with regard to the planting and management of strawberries, blackberries, and other small fruits. Sent by mail on the receipt of ten cents.

Our thanks are due the publisher, A. Winch, No. 505 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, for a copy of *The Old Franklin Almanac* for 1870.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"LET THE TOAST BE 'DEAR WOMAN.'"

At the Annual Meeting of the Officers of the New York Mercantile Library Company, Theodore Tilton responded to a toast to the ladies. His speech contained several wholesome truths for man's consideration. We extracted them for a previous number, but they were crowded out.

"Permit me now," said the speaker, after some pleasant remarks, "a few serious words. Fidelity to the clients for whom I speak compels me to say that we owe a higher duty to woman than to quaff her health at a public feast. We sit here at our revel, and, lifting our cups, exclaim—'Here's to the goddess of the world's idolatry.' We meet her in her morning walk, on the sunny side of Broadway, in this chill November, and, taking off our hat, we make a graceful French bow in recognition of her ungrateful Grecian bend. We call to mind how, not long ago, she was walking up and down the wards of the military hospitals, scattering soft mercies among the sick and dying, till the wounded soldier turned on his pillow to kiss her shadow as she went past. We enter the art gallery, and, remembering how Raphael once, meeting a woman with a babe in her arms, caught his quick pencil, and with immortal skill transferred the figures to canvas, we exclaim with all the admiring world—'Behold the Madonna and the Christ!' Nay, more; we say to ourselves—'As there is nothing on earth with which to compare her, let us send our fancy flying to the skies to borrow thence a heavenly type and image, and so let us reverently proclaim that woman 'is an angel of God sent down to minister to man.' Call her by what title you may, you feel that you have not yet found a fit speech to utter her unutterable worth. You proudly acknowledge that not in all our mother English tongue is there a word golden enough wherewith to gild the name of woman.

"This is the view which we fancy to ourselves we hold concerning woman—this the priceless estimate which we think we set upon her precious value; but we are deceiving ourselves. Nay, we are deceiving both ourselves and her. Do you think that this fine sentiment which our lips let fall in our familiar toasts to woman is the prevailing opinion of the stronger toward the weaker sex? I answer, no—a thousand times, no. Put it to the proof.

"Here is a woman—helpless, poor, dependent. There is no one to support her. She must support herself. Now, how far does this fine sentiment of ours aid her to earn her daily bread? I will tell you. It gives her just a one hundredth part of the opportunity which it gives to a man. Yes, I speak within bounds when I say that a man has a hundred chances of earning a livelihood where a woman has one. Is there not, then, a shade of mockery in our self-complacent and wine-quaffed flatteries to the ladies?

"Here is a widow, left penniless, whose only inheritance from her dead lord is his little children, to whom she is now to be both father and mother. She is one of the hundred thousand widows of the war—one of that great multitude of sorrowing women who, with a more than queenly charity, gave their husbands to their country's defence, and who stand, as Mrs. Browning says, 'with emptied arms and treasure lost.' Now, what does this fine sentiment of ours do for her? I will tell you. It weighs down the burden of life, making it tenfold heavier to be borne by a woman who has lost her husband, than by a man who has lost his wife. Is there not, then, a drop of bitterness in the cup from which we pour out our annual devotions to the ladies?

"Here is a woman—an heiress. She has half a million in her own right. A crafty man—a bankrupt—a beggar—making insidious approaches upon her unsuspecting innocence, deftly woos her for her fortune's sake. He leads her to the church—to the altar—to the priest. Now, how does this fine sentiment of ours enshrine her in that sacred hour? I will tell you. It permits the bridegroom to repeat from the prayer-book—'With all my worldly goods I thee endow'; whereas he gives nothing, but takes all—robbing her of a fortune in the very act of a ceremony which makes him appear to be conferring one upon her. Is there not, then, a dash of disloyalty in our volatile toasts to the ladies?

"Here is a woman whom God has endowed with an exquisite instinct as a teacher—for women are the anointed teachers of the race. Our common-school system puts her at the head of a department of a hundred scholars; and in the same building it puts a man at the head of another department of another hundred. Her duties are the same as his, her responsibilities the same as his, her skill the same as his, her success the same as his. Now, how does this fine sentiment of ours show itself in her behalf? I will tell you. It stands by on every pay-day, and puts into that woman's hand just one third as much salary as it puts into that man's. Is there not, then, a sly and taste of meanness in our epithets of convivial compliment to the ladies?

"Here is the New Hampshire woman, whom Wendell Phillips mentions. Her estate was seventy-five thousand dollars. She married a man as poor as Job's turkey—which was too poor for Thanksgiving Day. He made a usurer's use of her property for seven months, and then suddenly died, leaving a will. Now, what did this fine sentiment of ours inspire him to put into that will? I will tell you. He bequeathed back to that woman *her* seventy-five thousand dollars on the one and only condition—that she should never marry again. [Great laughter.] Is there not, then, a skeleton at our feast who puts on a scoundrelly grin at the fine phrases with which we butter our toast of homages to the ladies?

"Gentlemen, perhaps, as I am the custodian of this sentiment, it is my duty to speak well of it—certainly not to speak ill of it. But I confess that, if I were one of the ladies whom this toast pledges, I would turn round upon you and say, 'O company of revellers! Silence your noisy praises of women. Give us fewer compliments, and more wages! Show us less gallantry, and more justice! Offer us fewer fine speeches, and more fair play!'

"BED-TIME."

Orders come in freely for this charming picture—and we are beginning to hear of its favorable reception from many quarters. A lady writes:

"I have received the engraving, 'Bed-Time,' and find it perfectly charming. My little ones are especially delighted with it. Many thanks for the pleasant little scene, which will help to make the real bed-time a happy season, full of love and kisses and sweet good-nights."

We received from Turner & Brothers, too late for notice in last number of Magazine, three Christmas poems, daintily printed on tinted paper—"The Night before Christmas," "Christmas Day," and "The Night after Christmas." "Christmas Day" is by the author of "Beautiful Snow," and is a charming poem.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

This well-known magazine is about to be enlarged and improved for 1870. It will in future contain about three times the amount of reading matter it has heretofore had, and will embrace a wider range of subjects. Science, agriculture, and general literature, will each find their place within its pages; but what pertains to the Health Department will be written by the editor exclusively. The price will still remain the same—\$1.50 per year. The editor says:

"In writing for *Hall's Journal of Health*, for sixteen years, it is a great comfort to feel that nothing has been said against woman, the clergy, the Sabbath day, our holy religion, or the Bible; but on the contrary, these have been sustained, upheld, and honored wherever there has been an opportunity. And it is some satisfaction to feel that, in the enlargement, occasion will be offered to take a more decided stand in these directions, for it is believed that the time has arrived when it becomes all the good to draw a sharper line of demarcation as to words, and conduct, and profession. Water and oil can never coalesce, neither can religion and worldliness; and he is the most perfect model of a man who stands out most distinctly, most unmistakably, as a Bible Christian."

MR. ARTHUR'S PORTRAIT.

FRAMINGHAM, MASS., Dec. 16, 1869.

J. R. RICE, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: I have received Mr. Arthur's picture, which you very promptly forwarded at my request. I am *more than satisfied*. Others have spoken of the fidelity of the likeness. The *work* has *rare beauty*. For its lifelike character, expression, and also delicacy of finish, I have seldom, if ever, seen it equalled—never surpassed. Your price is indeed very low. I feel as if I had only *nominally* paid for the exquisite picture. You are at liberty to use this commendation, if you wish, in *ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE*, or elsewhere.

Yours very respectfully,

M. O. JOHNSON.

"ARE DOCTORS RESPONSIBLE FOR DRUNKENNESS?"

The editor of the Lynn (Mass.) *Transcript*, speaking of the article under this title published in the December number of the *HOME MAGAZINE*, says:

"We have waited, almost despairingly, for some such declaration as this paper contains; and now it comes, shining like light in a thick darkness. We have believed it for years, seeing and feeling the pernicious effects of the mistaken practice of the time; and if this greatest of medical reforms has really begun, and *ARTHUR* will stand for its advocate and herald, the cause of temperance will be more advanced than it has been for years."

OUR PICTURES.

Every subscriber to the *HOME MAGAZINE* has the right to order one or both of our beautiful and highly finished steel engravings, "THE ANGEL OF PEACE" and "BED-TIME," for one dollar each. The regular selling price is two dollars and fifty cents each. We have frequent inquiries as to whether a subscriber can order more than one copy of each picture; we answer this query in the affirmative. The privilege of a subscriber extends to any number of copies he may desire.

LETTER FROM A SUBSCRIBER.

"DEAR SIR: Many thanks for the three *January numbers* of your magazines. I *admire* their external appearance, and *love* their contents. Says one subscriber, 'The King's Party alone is worth the subscription of the *HOME*!' And I could not but feel that there was far more genuine worth, more to appeal to the better impulses of heart and soul, in the opening chapters of 'Jacqueline,' than in the whole of the continued pieces in _____ and _____ for 1869, as I took the former and exchanged with a friend for the latter—but shall not have to regret time wasted on them next year. And several of my friends have come to the same conclusion. * * *

"*Bed-Time*" came two days ago. I am charmed with it! *That darling little babe!*—with a head so like *our little angel*, taken to its heavenly rest near three years ago. There was always a slight tinge of regret that it was not a 'babe' instead of so large a child, in the 'Angel of Peace,' but it appealed to thousands of hearts more strongly as it was. Every subscriber *wants* it (*Bed-Time*)—wants both, in fact. Mine is already promised for a 'Christmas' present to one of them. Shall not wait longer now—weather been so bad, could not get out much—send now and you will hear from me again. Some of my names are lost to *me*—but not to you, but have gained 'other talents' for you. Little E. S. sends me word that he has a club of five or six already for the 'Hour.' Glad to hear it. Miss W., a club for 'Home' and 'Once a Month.' All admire the latter, especially its improved size—*want all*; as 'Fa' can't 'afford it'—they take 'Home,' some get none! How my heart has ached for disappointed misses and children, doomed to hunger heart and soul, while the body has more than enough. When will parents be wise? I feel that 'The Use of a Child,' in 'Once a Month' for January, is worth *my* year's subscription. While 'Sketches of Brazil' and every article are excellent. May it ever sustain its high moral and literary standard. The 'Hour' in its purity and sweetness charms all—the illustrated poem is beautiful, indeed! Children beg for it in tears! How can a parent refuse! I would leave off a 'flounce,' but have the book."

"*ONCE A MONTH*," our magazine of "good reading for the people," continues to win golden opinions everywhere. The press throughout the land has fully endorsed it as one of very best reading magazines in the country. Its cheapness makes it available for all.

REMITTANCES.—These should be in Post-Office Orders, or Drafts on Philadelphia, New York, or Boston; where these cannot be obtained, send national bank notes, and register where the amount is five dollars or upward.

REMITTANCES.—In making up clubs or premium lists for the "HOME MAGAZINE," any number of "Once a Month" enable many persons to get up their lists more easily.

CLUBS.—The subscribers in a club need not all be at the same post-office.

A CASH DIFFERENCE ON PREMIUM LISTS.—Whenever the full number of subscribers required for a premium cannot be secured, a cash difference will be taken. This will, in most cases, be very small, as we shall always make it as light as possible.

See January number of Home Magazine for full Prospectuses and Premium Lists.

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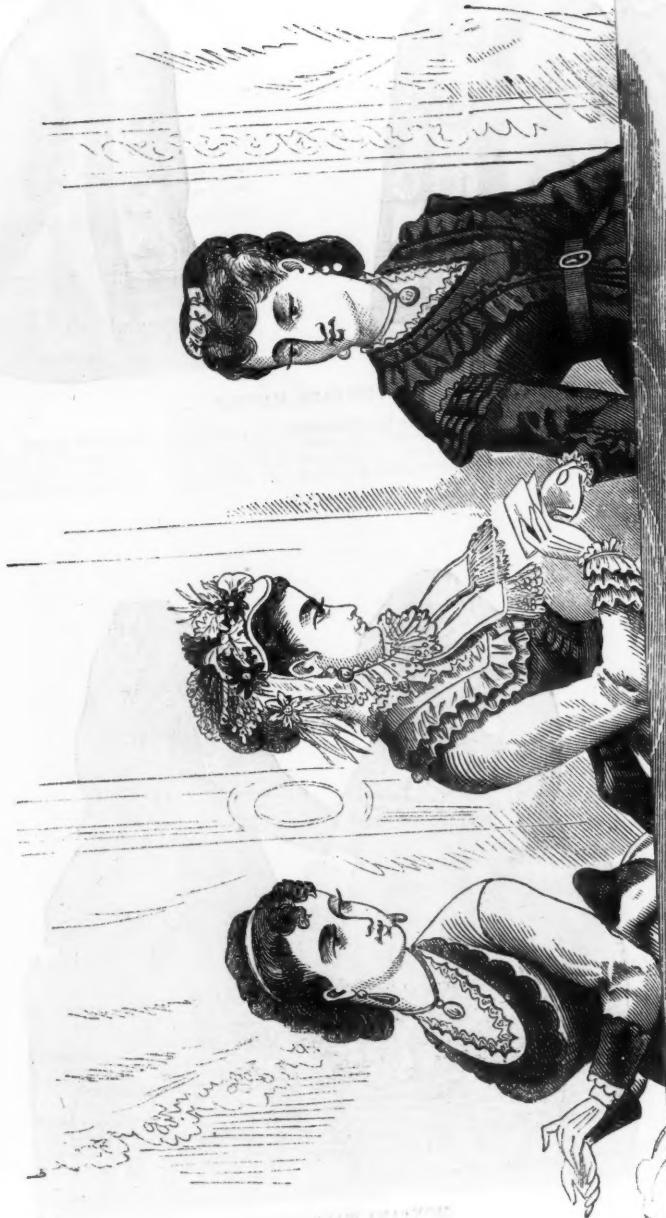
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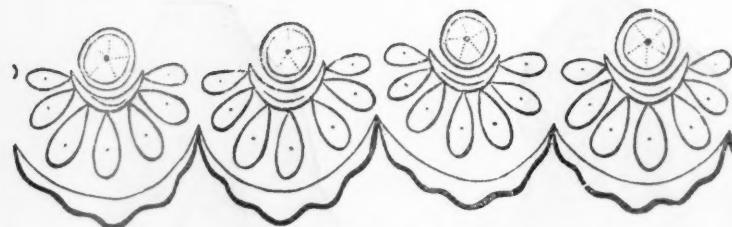
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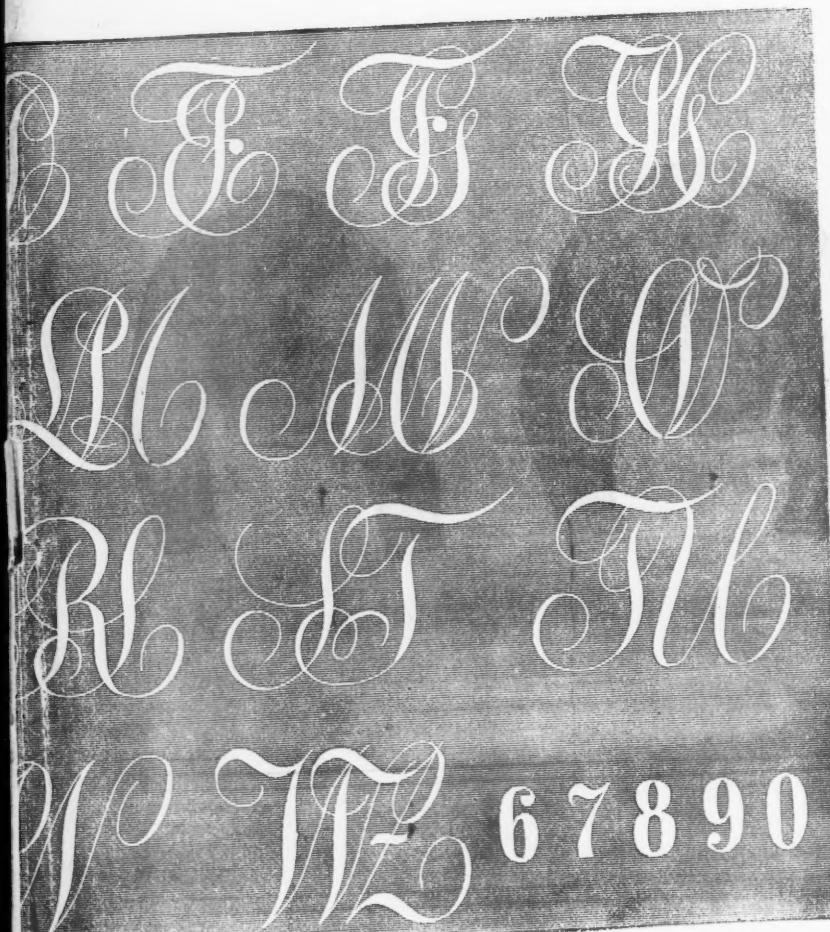
IN THE TWILIGHT.



RECEPTION AND VISITING DRESSES. (FURNISHED BY MM. DEMORET.) See Toilet and Work-Table.



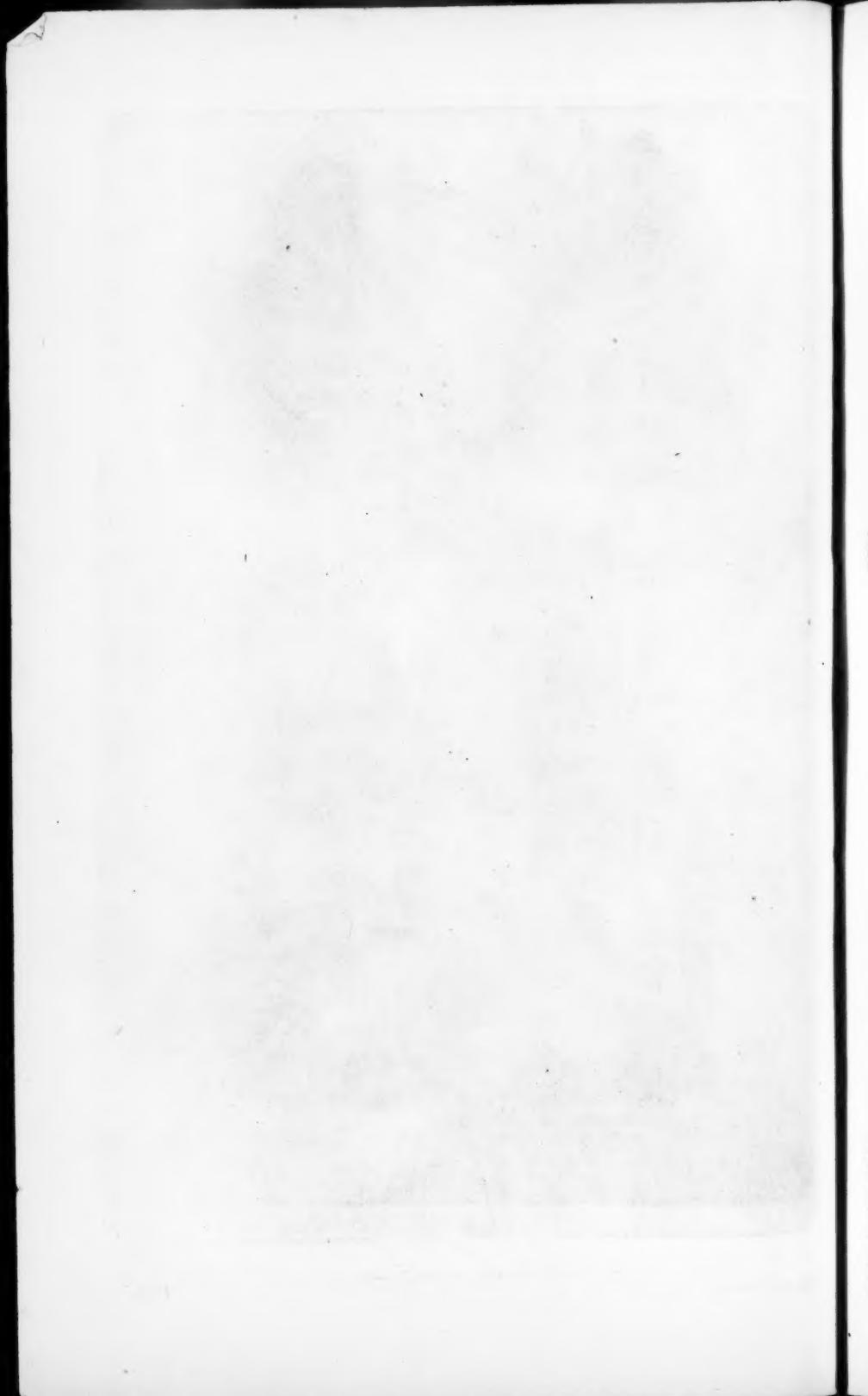
PATTERN FOR NEEDLEWORK.



RAISED LETTERS.



PEACOCK BUTTERFLY (*Vanessa Io*).—See page 163.



FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



EUREKA CLOAK.

This is one of the newest styles of winter cloaks, which can be made of fine cloth, but is very handsome in black silk, wadded throughout, and with cuffs, collar, and revers of striped violet satin. The trimming consists of narrow velvet and fringe. It is unnecessary to describe verbally the form of this garment, as it is clearly illustrated in the subjoined wood-cuts.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1.—An elegant suit made of changeable silk, either flame-color and black or black and green. The waist is made open in front and trimmed with bretelles, which form a cape in the back; bretelles and cape edged with points and a narrow band of velvet. Sleeve plain, with ruffle falling toward the hand, but set above the edge of the sleeve. Overskirt formed of front and back, rounded at the sides, and lapped over instead of joined. The edge is cut in points, but not bound—simply cut in the desired depth, and turned under and sewed to the lining, which should be of thin French foundation. Underskirt has two ruffles six inches deep, headed by a frill of the material four inches wide, cut in points at each side, and laid plain on the skirt. A narrow pinked-out ruche of the material is placed through the centre of this. This dress is especially beautiful for a young lady.

No. 2.—An exceedingly stylish dress made of plaid silk. The waist plain, with a Pompadour waist of black silk over, which is trimmed around the top with a ruffle of the plaid. Sleeve of black silk with a cuff formed of plaid finished with a ruffle at the waist. Overskirt quite long, square in the front and back; seams trimmed with a double plaiting of plaid, which is finished with a small bow at the top of each. The skirt of plaid is trimmed with four ruffles graduating in width. A plaid belt with a long, full sash of plaid is worn.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

THE WRECKED HOPE.

WORDS BY W. C. BENNETT.

MUSIC BY J. BARNBY.

PIANO.

pp dim.

Ped. *

There's a low, soft song in a chamber, Where Through the

sits, in the dark' - ning room, high, A And a waste of bil - lows

babe to rest, Scarce seen in the deep' - ning gloom; And her

toss - ing, Be -neath the stor - my gloom; sky, And her

col. voce.

Più animato.

song to her babe is tell - - - ing How, in hope and in joy, she

wave wash'd form up - heav - - ing At times to the moon's wan

sees
gleams, The white sails home - ward swell - - - - ing, To the
A - round which the wild sea ra - - - - ges, And the

rit.

a tempo.

strain of a fav' ring breeze, The good ship bear - ing its
gray gull wheels and screams: And the form is his of whose

fa - - ther home From the far, wild south - - - - ern
safe ro - - turn A - - far his young wife

sens. dreams. dim. Ped.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.



No. 2.

No. 1.—This is a very rich dress for a child of eight or nine years, of garnet-colored alpaca. Waist made close-fitting, trimmed with same material formed into bretelles in front, and bertha cape in the back edged with a row of velvet on top and two rows of velvet and fringe on the bottom. Sleeve made tight; cuff formed of a box-plaiting, with a row of velvet on each side. Overskirt rounded in front and back, and looped up at sides with loops of same material. Underskirt trimmed with two rows of box-plaiting of same material and three rows of broad velvet.

No. 2.—A very becoming dress for a child, and to be made of blue poplin or silk. The waist is trimmed with ruches of silk a darker shade to imitate a Pompadour, and above the ruches with strips of velvet running up to the ruche, fastened in the back with large buttons. Sleeve plain, trimmed similar to waist to form cuff. The overskirt is straight front and back, but made separate, and the front has each corner taken off—one fourth the width turned down to a half square and taken off gives the right proportion. The front and back are connected by two rows of ruches. The underskirt is striped with velvet to the depth of six inches all except the sides, which are ten inches deep; these are headed with a ruche; the centre of the ruche is stitched with white silk. A line of white velvet will finish well if stitching is not convenient.



No. 3.



No. 4.

No. 3.—A very stylish suit for a child of six or seven years. To be made of poulin or some heavy woollen goods. The sack cut plain, reaching to the waist, trimmed around the neck with pointed strips of velvet, crossed by narrower strips running horizontally. Bottom trimmed similarly with wide strip of velvet on edge. Sleeve cut close and trimmed on cuff same as bottom of sack, without the points. Skirt trimmed to match sacque. A belt with large loose bows with sash ends.

No. 4.—An outdoor garment for misses and children, exceedingly comfortable and becoming. The back is cut long, like any tight basque; the fronts loose, without dart, are belted in to the figure, and a small fringed capo, that reaches the waistband at the back, and terminates in front with short square ends over the chest, adds warmth as well as beauty to the garment. At the back of the waist is a large four-looped bow. This pelisse is of merino, bound with bias silk, and trimmed with narrow velvet and silk fringe.